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MACLEAN'S

JUNE 25 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

Saskatchewan

1905 Alberta 1955





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EDITORIAL

A Toast to the West

ARNOLD TOYNBEE'S thesis on the origins of human progress explains a lot about Canada in general and the prairies in particular.

In his ten-volume study of history Toynbee sees the development of twenty-one civilizations as a rhythm of challenge and response. Cultures arose and flourished not in the easy environments, as Karl Marx supposed, but in the hard ones—places that taxed man's ingenuity and hardihood and courage. The challenge of hardship elicited a response which, if successful, ran beyond the original need and led to a flowering of creative activity.

Until about a century ago most of Canada presented a stern forbidding challenge to the settler. Forests to be felled, swamps to be drained, roads and railways and cities to be built—more than a lifetime's hard work awaited him, and little to sweeten it except liberty and land of his own. But the response to that challenge was enough to make a new nation out of the small, squalid and scattered backwoods communities that were the raw material of Canada.

In the eastern provinces, that stage in our rhythm of growth was completed before the end of last century. In the west it had then just begun. For the Northwest Territories west of Manitoba, memoirs of the 1880s read like Ontario memoirs of the 1820s.

In the series, *Canada And Its Provinces*, Edmund H. Oliver quotes an editorial from the *Regina Leader* of March 31, 1883:

"A citizen has been born in Regina, and in time such an event will be no longer singular. There are a considerable number of lawyers here—a sure sign that there will be something worth fighting over. The hotels are full, though we have heard a discontented landlord say he would not think his hotels full until his guests were lying thick as eels in a mudhole, in beds, bunks and along the passages. Around Regina for twenty miles the land is taken up, and this is the reason why people have faith in the most maligned city the world ever saw."

Regina even then had a newspaper printed from real type, something the northerly village of Saskatoon didn't get for years. But in Saskatoon a newspaper called *The Sentinel* was handwritten by the schoolteacher as early as August 9, 1884, and passed around from hand to hand. It had some advice for a common type of newcomer:

"Sufferer—evidently you possess the blues. What did you expect Saskatoon to be, a second edition of Montreal or Chicago? You are too darn previous for this country, friend. We want men of pluck and spirit out here, able to do lots and give their tongues a rest."

Enough "men of pluck and spirit" came. They are still there and they still need pluck and spirit—drought and rust, floods and low prices, make prairie farming no game for the timid, the frail or the easily discouraged.

But just because it cannot tolerate weaklings the west continues to bring to Canada the uses of adversity. A rich country that will never be an easy one, a land of great rewards reserved for the stouthearted, the prairies in this jubilee year have earned the toast we all drink to them.

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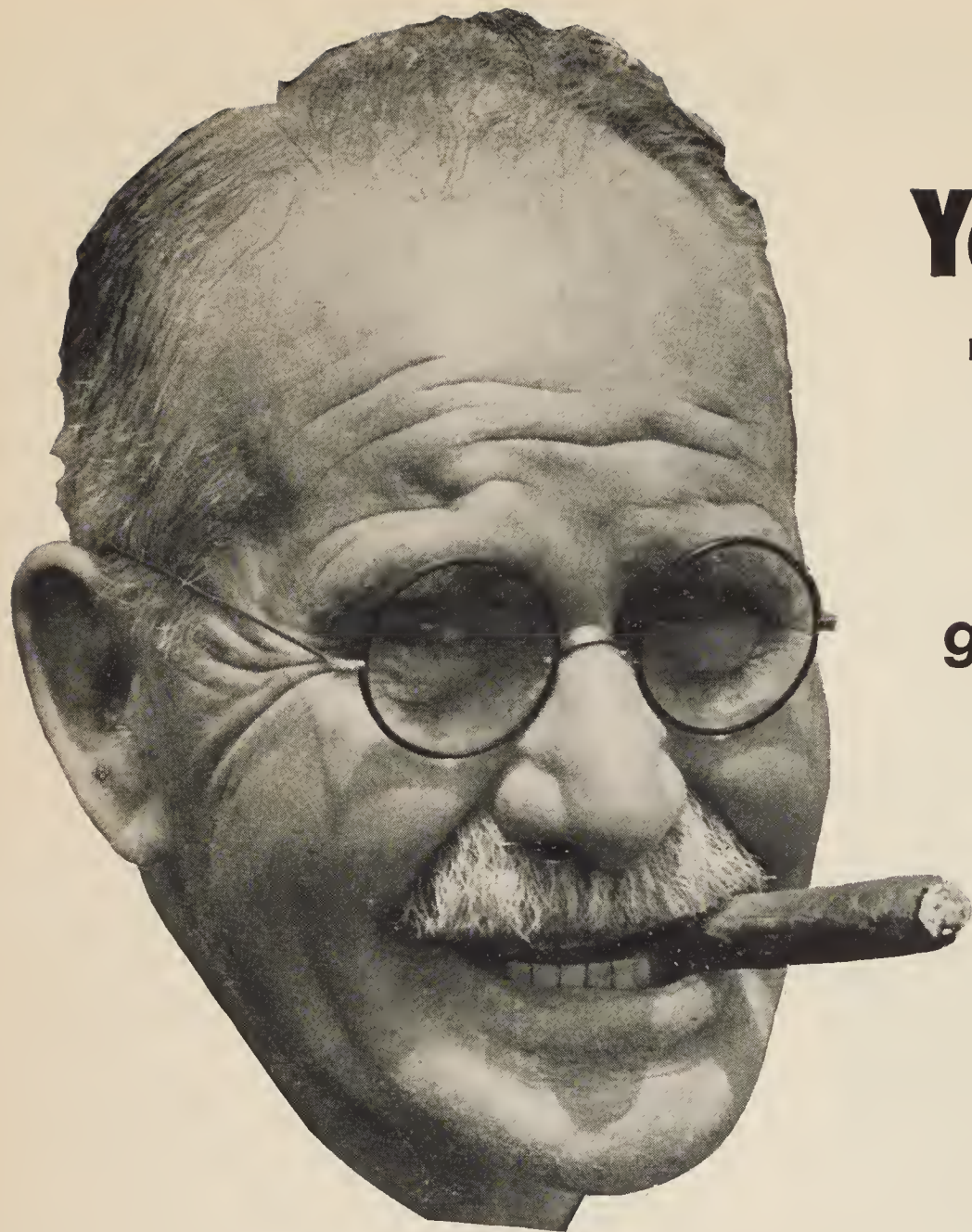
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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Footloose in the Far West

WHEN THE editor of Maclean's asked me, as your London correspondent, to write a special feature on the Canadian north for the special issue of last November I felt that, as was the case with the Light Brigade, someone had blundered but it was not for me to reason why.

By a Herculean effort I wrote an article which got me to the extreme north points of Cobalt and Haileybury, Ont.—which would have been impossible except that I had sold pianos there during the first peace. That was as far north as I could reach.

Now I am ordered to go west, to the beautifully named Province of Alberta and the sibilant cacophony of Saskatchewan. Incidentally, Saskatchewan is quite beyond the powers of the English to pronounce. They can take Ontario in their stride, and Alberta without even clearing their throats, but nine times out of ten they say Manito-bah and Saskatchewanewichewan.

Memory can be an awful liar but when my younger sister was christened Alberta I think it was because the province had also been born and christened that year. My mother was a terrific royalist and somehow we got the idea that the Prince Consort had something to do with it despite the fact that he had been dead for a very long time.

However, it would be quite wrong to imagine that Toronto was greatly concerned about these happenings in the last great west. To the normal Torontonians the west was a distant land where emigrants went to farm, where remittance men drank themselves to a lazy death, where the Mounties got their man and where cowboys rode steers instead of horses.

Every now and then a venturesome westerner would come east and drop in on us in Toronto, but we found him rather too breezy and certainly too friendly. Those were the gracious days of Toronto and we could not accommodate ourselves to the westerners' spacious ways.

Forgive me for another personal allusion but it is part of the story of how I became conscious of the mystic provinces beyond the Great Lakes. Before the five Baxter children were born my parents adopted a small boy whose first name was Percy. As the years went on he developed a restless and, I am afraid, a reckless temperament. Something happened. Something went wrong.

He was perhaps nineteen and, in the circumstances, there was only one way out. My father bought him a ticket which would take him as far as Edmonton. My brother was twelve and I was eight, and when we returned home after seeing Percy off at the Union Station we burst into tears and fairly howled to the moon.

My mother listened to us and then decided to intervene.

"If you don't stop making that noise,"

Continued on page 40



Prince of Wales rides Bar U Ranch, Alta., with owner George Lane in 1919.



Fabric by Pik Mills Ltd., Quebec

How to keep a husband in shape

...even when his suit has been out in the rain

When a man has been caught in the rain in a 'Terylene' suit, it dries off surprisingly quickly, and he still looks neat because the trouser creases stay in perfectly. 'Terylene', the talented new textile fibre, is thoughtful about his appearance in other ways, too. It hardly seems to know what wrinkling means... soon gets rid of the odd wrinkle it *might* pick up. Coats keep their shape, trousers won't bag, and the occasional spot is easily removed with soap and water.

What's more, 'Terylene' *tailors* well and is

very comfortable to wear. This suit—a blend of 50% 'Terylene' and 50% wool—is light in weight, yet you can see how well the material drapes. It isn't necessary to carry weight to have shape and long life in a suit. A 'Terylene' blend keeps its good looks the whole year round. Smart suits like the one shown will soon be in better stores. Before you buy, make sure the garment carries the distinctive 'Terylene' string tag illustrated at the right. CANADIAN INDUSTRIES (1954) LIMITED

keep your eye  on



THE TALENTED TEXTILE FIBRE

Canadian Achievement..



A Miracle in Medicine !

One of the most notable achievements in the history of medicine was Dr. Frederick Banting's discovery of insulin for the treatment of diabetes.

This Canadian completed his magnificent discovery in 1922 — and the world immediately recognized his genius with more honors than any Canadian had ever received — including the Nobel Prize.

Wawanesa Mutual too is a notable Canadian achievement . . . 59 years ago 20 farmers in the Wawanesa, Manitoba area formed a mutual insurance company . . . today Wawanesa protects the property of more Canadians than any other company.



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

In The West



Where Politics are stranger than Fiction

NOBODY was more surprised than Harper Prowse, Liberal Leader of the Opposition in the Alberta legislature, when Premier Manning made a Prowse speech the pretext for a snap election. But though surprised and therefore unprepared, Liberals and Conservatives are nevertheless pleased. To them the sudden election suggests that the land deals exposed by Opposition MLAs at the last session, and others they intend to probe at the next one, have put the Social Credit Government on the run. They think Social Credit strategists want the election out of the way before again facing the legislature and the Public Accounts Committee.

Prowse's charge would have been serious enough if it had been seriously meant, but it wasn't.

He was speaking about a recent amendment to the law which forbids Alberta MLAs to have any "contract or agreement" with the crown, or to accept any public money other than certain specified exceptions. Before Easter the Government brought in a revision of this act and unobtrusively added a new item to the list of these exceptions. From now on, MLAs are expressly permitted to have accounts with and borrow money from the Provincial Treasury Branches, a local banking system set up in 1938 by the late Premier Aberhart.

Prowse made the obvious point that if these accounts and loans were only now being made legal, they must have been illegal before. If Social Credit MLAs were already dealing with the Provincial Treasury Branches, had they really been eligible to sit before this amendment was passed? Indeed, he suggested, there might even be some question

whether recent legislatures had ever possessed a quorum of properly eligible MLAs. Wasn't it possible that all legislation since 1938 was technically invalid?

Prowse told me later he didn't seriously challenge the provincial laws of the last seventeen years. All he'd meant was, "here we go again with sloppiness, careless administration, disrespect for law." He thought that if Alberta laws were attacked on this ground in court, the judge might well rebuke the Alberta Government for constitutional untidiness but would be unlikely to penalize the whole province by canceling all its recent legislation.

Social Credit ministers and MLAs, however, took Prowse's charge as if it were a major indictment. Premier Manning adjourned the legislature at once, and Social Credit members went into a four-hour caucus.

Next day a curious sequence of events took place. First Attorney-General Lucien Maynard made a long speech, arguing that the Liberal charge against Alberta's recent statutes was preposterous. Then Premier Manning got up to say the "preposterous" charge was so grave as to warrant an immediate appeal to the people, by a government not yet three years away from its last election.

Onlookers are still asking themselves why.

OF THREE possible explanations, the least convincing is that the Social Credit Government simply meant what it said. If Social Crediters do take seriously the attack on their legislation, the way to test the question is to appeal to the courts, not to the

Continued on page 82

POWER AT WORK for better living

These are just five examples of the many construction jobs always in progress. When completed, they all contribute to better living.



This morning someone "broke ground" for a new dream home.

An Allis-Chalmers Tractor Shovel dug the basement.



A pipe line brings oil and gas from a field 1,000 miles away.

Allis-Chalmers tractors cleared the right-of-way and lowered in the pipe.



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Allis-Chalmers motor graders help build these vital feeder lines — then keep them smooth and open, summer and winter.



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Allis-Chalmers Motor Scrapers move millions of yards of earth and rock to help build these dams.

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Look what Buick brings you now — the 4-Door Riviera



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

THIS is the one you've been reading about and hearing about —the new kind of automobile where smart styling and supreme convenience blend as never before.

This, you see, is Buick's rakish Riviera—but now with two more doors for the rear-seat passengers, and stretch-out room to match.

It has all the characteristics of the 2-door Riviera—the "hard-top" that has outsold all others, bar none . . .

The sleek and racy look of a Convertible—but with the steel-roofed safety of a Sedan . . .

Above the window line, no door posts for the rear doors. With windows down, a completely unobstructed view at both sides.

And note, if you please—rear doors hinged at their front edges.

Add to this the easy access of separate doors to the rear—plus

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But the good news goes even beyond that.

This industry-pacing new Buick is in volume production right now in the low-priced SPECIAL Series and the high-powered CENTURY Series.

Which means the walloping performance of a 188-hp or a 236-hp V8 engine—the whip-quick go and gas saving of Variable Pitch Dynaflo*—the silky levelness of the Million Dollar Ride and the solid strength and durability of Buick building.

Better come quick to look into this new beauty—and to place your order for the car we predict will be the hit of the year, by far.

*Dynaflo Drive optional at extra cost.

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them.

Thrill of the year is Buick

SEE YOUR BUICK DEALER



Ray McLeod, who is eleven years old, stands among the weird rock formations (called Hoodoos) of the Alberta badlands, which are roughly sixty million years old.

As two of Canada's provinces celebrate
their fiftieth year a Maclean's editor and artist
collaborate in an informal study of

BY RALPH ALLEN

the land of eternal change

THEIR FIFTIETH official spring came this year to the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta as spring always comes there—full of new hopes and old anxieties; aglow with a thousand shades and forms of beauty of which only a few can be detected by a stranger; bursting with variety and surprise.

The dominant qualities, as they were even before the two provinces became provinces, are variety and surprise. To anyone whose notions of it have been acquired through movies or train windows, a close inspection of the west this spring would have brought mixed feelings of recognition and disbelief.

On March 23, two days after the equinox, the southern wheatlands were digging themselves out of ten-foot snowdrifts. As April turned the corner into May, both provinces were sloshing through blizzards, followed in Saskatchewan by floods that reached disaster size.

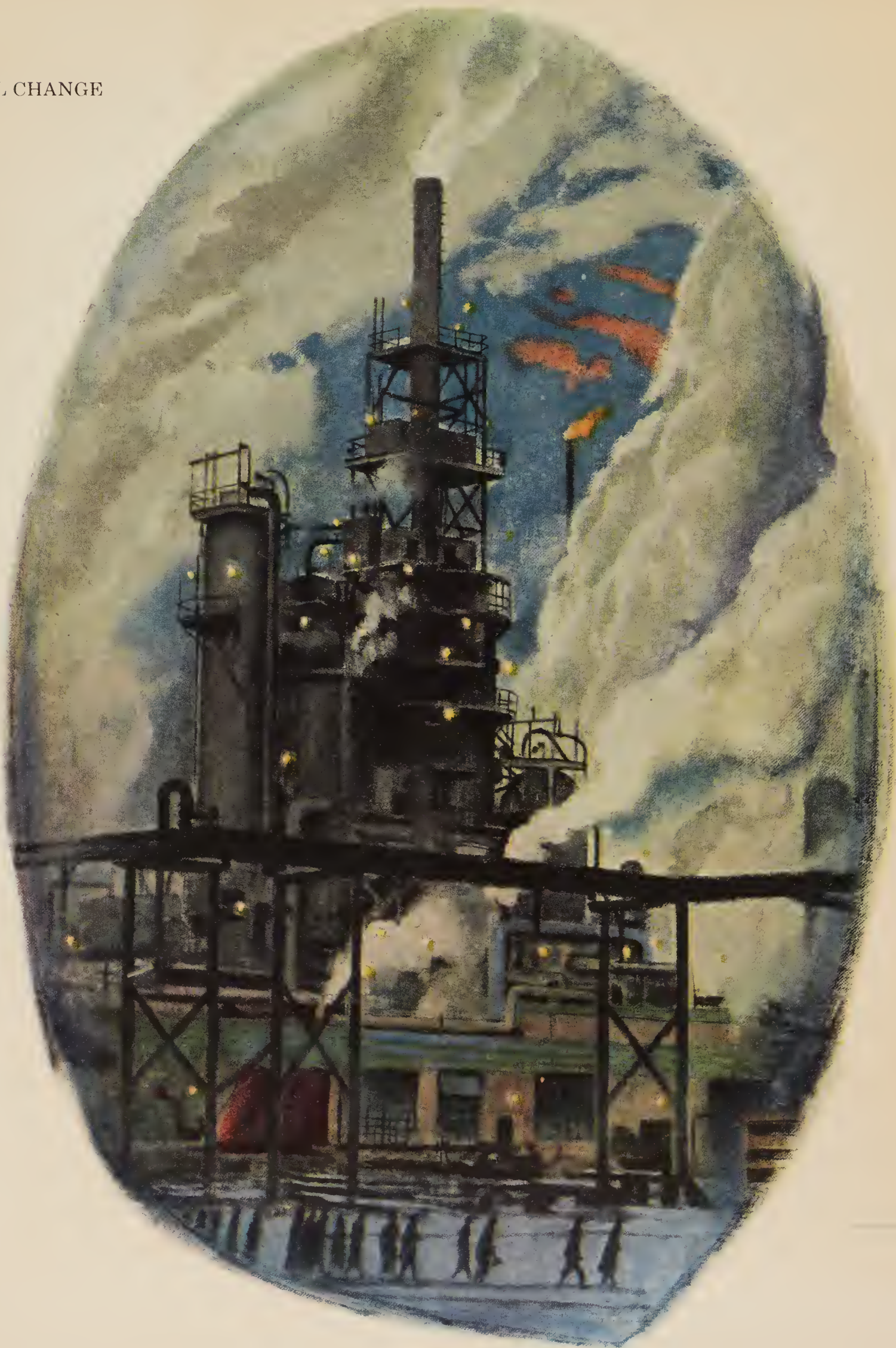
But at last the gleaming prairie sun came out, apparently to stay, and now in June those magnificent clichés, the meadow lark and the crocus again

offer their yearly paean of melody and fragrance. Although it is true that the melody now competes with the angry clatter of drill rigs and the fragrance is sometimes engulfed in the reek of petroleum fumes, there are other things that still have at least the appearance of timelessness. When the moon is out coyotes call longingly, as they did a thousand years ago, from the silver clumps of wolf willow on the hillsides. On the golden faces of the Rockies mountain sheep and goats march primly up past timber line, as they did centuries before the first explorers. Other native creatures have seen fit, like the men and women who grew up there, to modify

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

THE NEW WEST gleams and throbs as its strange new

THE LAND
OF ETERNAL CHANGE
continued



giants loom in the foreground of the second fifty years



Rich uranium deposits of northern Saskatchewan are one of the crucial facts of the atomic age. This is the federal government's Eldorado mine at Beaverlodge.



The oil age has suddenly promoted the Alberta crossroads of Drayton Valley to the capital of Canada's richest oil field, the Pembina. The new \$300,000 hotel's two beer parlors can seat 450 and occasionally do on a Saturday night.

"On the rims of the cities, the refineries with the marching lights of their cracking towers now stand guard like fairy battleships." This plant, owned by Imperial Oil, gives Edmonton one of its many exciting new landmarks.

the interests and habitations of their ancestors. Magpies dart out of the chokecherry bushes and poplar bluffs to snoop about the Christmas trees and pumps of seven thousand producing oil wells, and great stark ravens croak in the morning sunlight above the uranium mines north of Lake Athabaska.

For humans there have been large changes too. Their standard living unit is still a four-, five- or six-room farmhouse which may or may not have paint, may or may not have plumbing and may or may not have electricity. But since the war, the other pole of domestic architecture—the California suburb—has planted itself in all the major cities. The chief characteristic of this newest of all the west's new phenomena is the residents' apparent determination to be themselves and to let the neighbors be the same. The result, which reaches its climax in an Edmonton housing development called Glenora, is a wildly unfettered mixture of shapes and colors: scale-model castles-in-Spain cheek to jowl with plywood living machines; plaster against clapboard, stucco against brick, aquamarine blue against coral pink, alligator green against daffodil yellow, midget minarets beside open-deck verandas.

It is not only the dwellings that change. Straw-stacks no longer burn on the prairie summer fallow. This year it is giant torches of gas that hiss and flame and break the black silence of the night sky. On the rims of the cities, where the last lonely street lamps used to mark the beginning of the open plain, the refineries with the marching lights of their cracking towers now stand guard like fairy battleships.

The belief that the west goes on repeating itself, mile after mile and year after year and generation after generation, has never stood up under close scrutiny. Neither has the belief that it is almost wholly populated by the same kind of people doing the same kind of thing for the same kind of reason. If you exclude the Indians, who were there at least three thousand years ago, the first substantial influx of permanent settlers began in 1870. It was led across what is now the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border by *métis* hunters, just defeated in the first Riel Rebellion and now seeking space, buffalo and freedom from the white man's red tape. Almost at once a great pincers movement began to envelop the halfbreed hunters: missionaries pursuing them from the east to save their souls, whisky traders riding in from the south to swindle them out of their buffalo hides.

The next and largest wave of settlers—the English, the Irish and the Scots, the Americans and eastern Canadians, the Ukrainians and Germans, the Scandinavians, the Hungarians and Rumanians and Russians and Poles—had even more diverse origins and equally diverse reasons for coming. Some were drawn by fear, some by faith, some by ambition, some by greed, some by gullibility. The one statement that can be applied to all of them and all of their descendants is that they've seen a very great amount of history in a very short time. Men who trembled or rejoiced at the hanging of Louis Riel will still be alive in Saskatchewan this summer to tremble or rejoice at the opening of the fabulously rich Gunnar uranium mine. Homesteaders whose first saleable crop was whitened buffalo bones are now living in retirement on their oil royalties. Taxpayers who a half century ago had no real voice in their own government have lived to shake the country's whole political structure by electing the CCF in Saskatchewan and Social Credit in Alberta. Half-broke dirt farmers who once had no choice but to sell their wheat for as little as the grain dealers cared to offer and to buy their groceries and fuel for as much as the



A bright new school at Oxbow, Saskatchewan . . .



A colorful telephone building in Edmonton . . .

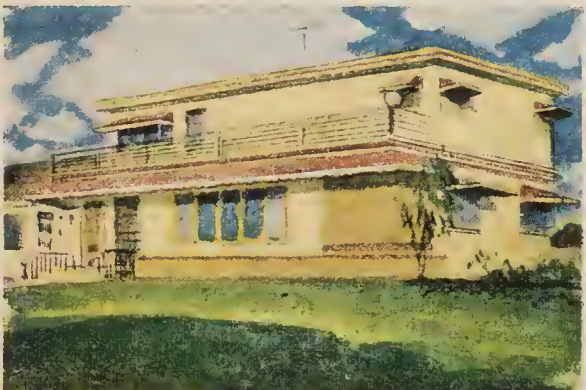


A ranch-style bungalow on Calgary's outskirts . . .



And two more homes in a new Edmonton suburb . . .

All reflect a general willingness to experiment.



THE LAND OF ETERNAL CHANGE

continued

THE NEW WEST finds new shapes and styles for its new ways of living

retailers cared to ask are today the owners of a huge co-operative empire of elevators, stores, factories and even oil wells and a refinery.

In Alberta last February I talked to William Hawrelak, an immigrant from the Ukraine, who remembered floating down the North Saskatchewan River on a raft fifty-seven years ago until he found the quarter section of free homestead land that suited him. The place where he boarded the raft then had a population of a few hundred. Now it's well beyond two hundred thousand. Its name is Edmonton, and its mayor is William Hawrelak's son, Bill Jr.

From the start, the story of the two provinces that were carved out of the Northwest Territories fifty years ago has been a story of the unexpected and the unknown. It must remain so for at least another fifty years. For Saskatchewan and Alberta represent a union whose fruit is unpredictable almost by definition—the union of a very old land with a very young people. Some of the land, the northern rocks of the Canadian Shield, is as old as any land in the world. The prairies are older than the Nile, older than the hills of Jerusalem, older than Galilee and the valley of the Jordan. And the people are just as spectacularly young. Among voluntary settlers and descendants of settlers, they are second in their newness to their home only to the modern Jews of Israel, and the Jews knew Israel centuries before they returned to it.

It took the old land many millions of years to hew out its rocks and mountains, to bury its twenty-ton lizards and flying dragons, to sift and grind its soil, to hide its lakes of inflammable ooze and its underground hills of coal and metal. It took the young people who came there a maximum of decades and a minimum of weeks to size up the land and guess how best to live with it. In reality they knew very little of what to expect from the climate, or what the soil would stand, or what lay secreted beneath the soil.

It was no accident that they were naïve and ill informed. As the transcontinental railway pushed through the plains in the early 1880s it pushed through empty country. The whole prairie from Winnipeg west had only sixty thousand white inhabitants when the decade began. Halfway through the Eighties the Dominion government had had fewer than twenty thousand takers for the free homesteads it had begun offering more than ten years earlier, and more than half of these had already abandoned their farms and gone back to Ontario or the U. S. The CPR had no traffic for its railway and no buyers for its twenty-five million acres of land along the right of way. By the mid-Nineties the expected wave of settlement still had shown no sign of coming. Clearly, unless something quick and drastic were done the rails would turn to rust and with them the dream of a Canadian nation stretching from coast to coast.

The needed and drastic thing was done, by a quick and drastic man named Clifford Sifton. Sifton was federal Minister of the Interior. His was the chief responsibility for trying to fill a void a third as large as Europe. During the years between 1896 and 1905 Sifton and the CPR, with some help from the Hudson's Bay Company, the Grand Trunk Pacific and a few private colonization companies, staged the largest, noisiest and most successful medicine show in history. It covered two continents and was conducted in a dozen languages. Its message was simple and direct: whatever ails you, come to western Canada! In his role as chief

barker, Sifton published millions of pamphlets extolling the free land of the Northwest Territories, and offering it gratis to anyone who would come and get it. In impressive rounded phrases worthy of a multilingual W. C. Fields, his literature cajoled the Swedes in Swedish, harangued the Germans in German, beguiled the French in French, coaxed the Hollanders in Dutch, wheedled the Norse in Norwegian.

The CPR supported him by sending out equally persuasive pamphlets in Welsh, Gaelic, Danish and Finnish, as well as the more common Western languages. At one time Sifton had twenty-one advertising agencies working for him. He and the CPR brought free-loading American editors to the prairies by the trainload. Successful western farmers from Britain and the U. S. were sent back home, as guests of the Dominion government, to carry the gospel to their old neighbors. Sifton sold huge tracts of Canadian government land at giveaway prices to private colonization companies, then paid them a bounty out of the Dominion treasury for every settler they could produce—five dollars for the head of a family, two dollars each for women and children.

For every worthy human aspiration, and for some that weren't so worthy, the new paradise offered the virtual certainty of fulfillment. *Poor?* Where else could you acquire a hundred and sixty acres of land for a ten-dollar registration fee? Where else would a railroad take you halfway across a continent for six dollars? *Opposed by conscience to military service?* What other nation would offer conscientious objectors a guarantee against conscription? *In a hurry?* This from a pamphlet that bore Sifton's name: "The shrewd and sturdy settler who plants a little capital and cultivates it can, with due diligence, in a few years, produce a competency." *Lazy?* J. Obed Smith, one of Sifton's departmental assistants, assured the prospective immigrant: "He can make his crop in less than four months."

Sifton and his associate spellbinders answered possible hecklers in advance. *Schools inadequate, sir?* "Educationists," a Sifton circular announced solemnly in 1903, "assert the school system of the Northwest Territories is equal, if not superior, to that of any other country." *Communications unsatisfactory, sir?* "Excellent railway facilities, admirable postal arrangements." *Greater opportunities, my dear sir, in the United States?* As a minister of the crown, Sifton doubtless felt he could not personally denigrate a friendly nation. The CPR handled the question with a deft effusion of crocodile tears: "The decadent condition of many American farms is no doubt due to the prevalence of the tenant system."

One CPR circular, aimed directly at attracting immigrants from the U. S. A., borrowed the satisfied-user technique so popular with pill manufacturers. Typical headings above the testimonials read: "Would not Return to Indiana"; "Dakota Farmer Succeeded Without Capital"; "Prefers the Weyburn District to the States"; "Easily Earns Holiday Trips to Ohio."

The cold prairie winters and the hot dry prairie summers were never a serious embarrassment to Sifton, who contented himself with calling them "splendid." To have said anything less would have been, according to the relaxed idiom of the times, to have tampered with the truth. Even as late as 1910 by which time a good deal more evidence about western weather was on the record, not all of it



Railway train sweeps across the Peace River Country like the plumed envoy of all far places. Franklin Arbuckle saw this one on a cold sunny day last winter.



The Shrines of the West

still respect tradition, but
they, too, can change along
with the country's spirit

Searching for some of the signposts by which people set their stars, Franklin Arbuckle found these three contrasting scenes. On the lonelier stretches of the prairie the railway train has always had its own special and haunting meaning. So, too, have the village church and the grain elevator. And the home of a football team that brought the Grey Cup back to western Canada is a temple of sorts too.



Clairmont United Church and the nearby grain elevator are a few miles from Grande Prairie, Alberta. They were sketched during a service.

Home of the national grid champions, the Eskimos of Edmonton, is Clarke Stadium. Rollie Myles, a star of the team, shows field to his family.

The Old West

is still very much in evidence. It is still the dirt farm that gives the country its principal dynamic



Mechanization has progressed so far that some farm boys never learn to ride or drive a horse. These lonely animals were foraging for winter feed in the Peace River district.

The aloof and sombre beauty of a Saskatchewan wheat farm still symbolizes the familiar and the enduring. This is Fred McEachern's five sections, just north of Regina.

favorable, a Grand Trunk pamphlet trumpeted: "The time has probably passed when the impression can exist that western Canada has a forbidding climate. Such fabrications have been put forth freely in the past by designing persons, but the greatest factors in advertising the delightful features of the climate, which quite submerge the few slight drawbacks, are the people already settled there, prosperous and happy. The summers are ideal in every respect with sufficient rainfall properly distributed, and when winter sets in with its bracing dry atmosphere and clear days, there is nothing to dread, but much to enjoy in this season of meeting friends and indulging in the sports and pastimes of the season."

The siren song was heard halfway around the

world. Those earthy mystics, the Doukhobors, heard it in Russia and in a single month seven thousand of them streamed off the gangplanks at Saint John and boarded the colonist cars for Winnipeg and the central plains of Saskatchewan. Heartsick Ukrainians, without land and without a country, heard it under the flag of Austria, under the flag of the Imperial Czar, even under the flag of Brazil. They were soon to be western Canada's second largest racial group, second only to the Anglo-Saxons. Cockneys heard it in the crowded mews of Hackney. Members of the minor gentry heard it on the minor estates of Surrey and invited their younger sons into the study for a serious talk about the future. Ontario farm boys heard it as their time grew near for leaving home. So did

ranchers from Texas, Oklahoma and Montana, cramped by fences.

Once the people started coming, Sifton did his best to retrieve his promises. At the railway terminals and along the staging routes, the Dominion government opened ninety immigration halls and staging camps, where bunks, cookstoves, surveyors' maps, advice and interpreters were available free of charge. By 1901 Saskatchewan's population was more than ninety thousand and Alberta's more than seventy thousand and in the next ten years these figures were quintupled. The dream of a nation had been redeemed.

The cost of its redemption and its reaffirmation in the half century since 1905 bore no relation to the estimates on the immigration folders. The





ancient land proved alternately hospitable and cranky, kind and savage, benign and spiteful. Thousands of the settlers were wholly ignorant of agriculture. Even the relatively experienced Europeans knew little about farming large acreages; to them the basic tools were the grub hoe, the scythe, the hand flail and winnow and the wooden plow. Erosion and soil drifting were as foreign to the settlers' thoughts as nuclear energy. Drought, hail and autumn frost were unheard of—at least in the sunny folklore of the Department of the Interior. Grasshoppers, rust and weeds did not begin to appear north of the border until well after the turn of the century.

Thus the pioneers were ripe for ambush. Their mistakes were frequent, and ranged from the tragic

to the bizarre. So did the vindictiveness of nature and the land. Of the first four white people to die in Saskatoon, two froze to death in blizzards, one drowned in the Saskatchewan River and the other died of exhaustion after fighting a prairie fire. In Alberta in 1906-7 the Chinook failed. The owners of the big ranches had no hay for their herds, for they had come to depend on the soft winter wind to uncover the uncut grass. Cattle and horses starved or froze by the tens of thousands. The Bar-U Ranch alone lost twelve thousand head. In 1903, a year of blizzards and bright sunshine, hundreds of horses went snow-blind and lost their lives by tumbling over precipices or blundering into gullies. A physician attached to the famous Barr colony, a mass pilgrimage of English families to Saskatche-

wan in 1903, complained that he spent most of his time patching up self-inflicted axe wounds.

The individual settlers' ideas of how to equip themselves for life on the frontier were often imaginative but odd. Not long ago Ray Coates, who arrived from England in 1903, recalled with amusement that he had come armed with dumbbells, boxing gloves and other muscle-building devices. At least one somewhat earlier arrival is known to have brought a case of Gold Cure, a contemporary remedy for alcoholism. Georgina Binnie-Clark, a spinster lady of quality, arrived in the Qu'Appelle Valley in 1905 with an expensive and ornate bathtub. She discovered that to fill it she would have to haul water three hundred yards, a pail at a time, from a well barely capable of



The West of the Future

debates a dam that may never be

For many years the big artificial lake above has excited engineers and confounded politicians. It doesn't exist but is known colloquially as the South Saskatchewan River Dam, and lies in theory between the towns of

Elbow and Outlook. The provincial and federal governments can't agree on who ought to pay for it, or if it should be built at all. Franklin Arbuckle decided to paint it anyway, from various plans and blueprints.

supplying enough drinking water. So she sold the tub to another English lady, who discovered that she would have to haul water two miles to fill it. It ended up as a storage bin for seed. Mrs. Robert Wilson, of Bienfait, Sask., recently recalled a disaster that may have been unique: a horse once fell through the roof of her family home, a sod hut which her father had built on a hillside.

Their loyal children and their sentimental grandchildren have tried to enforce the tradition that the pioneers endured their troubles, large and small, with unflinching cheerfulness and courage. The theory is only partly supported by the written history of the period and by a cross-check with almost any of the thousands of men and women who lived through it and are still here to tell about it. Not long ago, I talked to a retired Leduc farmer named Luke Smith, born Lucan Smzt in Poland. Smith arrived in Halifax nearly sixty years ago. His pocket was picked aboard the ship and he docked without a penny. He borrowed two dollars from the fellow immigrant who was later to be his father-in-law and with that and his railway ticket he got to Edmon-

ton. He went to work as a railway section hand at a dollar a day and after four years had saved enough money to make the down payment on a quarter section of land.

It took years to clear the land but he sustained himself by selling willow posts and firewood. By 1946 he had every right to call himself a success. He had raised and seen to the education of five children and he had a good farm with good crops, good cattle and good buildings. A man called in one day and offered him five dollars, plus a per-barrel oil royalty, for his mineral rights. Smith took it like a shot. ("I drilled twenty times for water and got nothing. So who's going to find oil? I was so glad about the five dollars I took it to town and bought a hottle of whisky.") A few months later the Leduc discovery well came in and Smith's next-door neighbor sold his mineral rights for \$200,000. If Smith had any regrets on this score, they were not serious enough to remember; his per-barrel oil royalties still run as high as \$3,000 a month and Luke and his vigorous, smiling wife give all but \$200 of this to their children and grandchildren.

Just before Franklin Arbuckle and I left the cottage to which Luke and Mrs. Smith have retired, I asked a fairly routine question: Were you as happy in the early days as you are now? I half expected a routine answer about the joys and satisfactions of hardship and struggle honorably endured. Luke Smith and his wife have richly earned the right to clothe their memories in sentiment. But Luke was silent for several seconds, his strong, serene face deep in thought. Then he looked up gravely toward the kitchen doorway where Mrs. Smith stood with a dishcloth and the last of the supper dishes. The look they exchanged clearly said: *This question must be answered truly, but is it best that the man answer it, or the woman?* At last it was Mrs. Smith who answered. "He cried lots of times," she said with quiet dignity. "They all did."

In one way or another nearly everyone who was farming in Saskatchewan or Alberta fifty years ago says the same thing. In the last few years the provincial archives office of Saskatchewan has been asking original settlers to put their experiences on paper in order to flesh out the sparse printed records of the time. To the question, "How did you learn farming?", Frank Baines, of Saltcoats, replied succinctly: "By trial and error, with large portions of the latter." R. E. Ludlow recalled: "Nobody had nothing, and we all used it." Mrs. May Davis, who came to Canada from England in 1883, drew a haunting picture of the finality with which so many people committed all their earthly hopes into what for many of them was a literal void. "I can most particularly remember one poor sick-looking woman who was coming to Canada to join her husband, who had left England some months before. She had seven little boys with her, the youngest a baby at her breast. At our last sight of her she was on the wharf at Halifax, seated on a box of her 'effects,' waiting for her husband

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1890. First treasure of the promised land: buffalo bones (worth \$7 a ton). First castle-in-Spain: a sod shack.

The Settling of the West

A few leaves from the anniversary album of a strangely turbulent
and strangely tender love affair—
the union of a very young people with a very ancient land



1880. Many of the first settlers came in bull train. A train had several wagons, up to 20 oxen to a wagon.

"SOME were drawn by fear, some by faith, some by ambition, some by gullibility." Few of the pioneers who began trickling into the southwestern part of the Northwest Territories late in the nineteenth century had any real knowledge of the land they were coming to—what it would tolerate from them, what it was to demand of them, what it was ready to give them in return. For many it was enough to know that they might meet the simplest of human needs, homes and food for their families and the right to live according to the private human conscience. Some fully expected

that they'd be rich enough to retire and "go home" within a few years. Nearly all at one time or another cursed or wept over the impulse that had led them to entrust their futures to this capricious, unknown country, which sometimes smiled with favor on their awkward attempts to come to terms with it and sometimes tried to break their hearts with bitter rebuffs that ranged from blizzards and hail to frost and prairie fire. In time, through a miracle of improvisation and a prodigy of stubbornness, they learned to live with the country, in sickness and in health, for better or for worse.

*Continued on next
six pages*



1885. In mid-1880s the railway became the primary transport. These are Chinese coolies building the CPR.



New homesteaders, most of them Canadians, pour into Edmonton in 1906. The Macdonald Hotel now stands on site of building in background.

A cry that made a nation: Hurry! Hurry!



For mobility, a good ox and Red River cart were still very fashionable at turn of the century.

EVEN AFTER the CPR the west filled up slowly and the dream of a Canadian nation from coast to coast was in jeopardy. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, spread Ottawa's offer of free crown land across two continents, conducting "the largest, noisiest and most successful medicine show in history . . . in impressive, rounded phrases worthy of a multilingual W. C. Fields." The people came, from many distant places, in many conditions and conveyances. They remained to make Canada a reality as well as a word.



Sifton's hypnotic colonization pamphlets hit a jack pot in 1903, when Rev. I. M. Barr reached Saskatoon with two thousand Englishmen.



Greatest single group of settlers were 7,400 Doukhobors who arrived in 1899. This party detrained at Yorkton, then walked forty-five miles.

THE SPORTING SET

TWENTY YEARS before Saskatchewan became a province the fabulous sub-colony of Cannington Manor was making a valiant attempt to bring a little bit of England to its southeast corner. Capt. E. M. Pierce, a retired army officer, ran a school for young gentlemen. Three wealthy pupils, Ernest, Billie and Bertie Beckton, remained and built a 22-room mansion and a private race track. They imported thoroughbred horses, foxhounds, game chickens and even hired two steeplechase jockeys and two valets.

Man in centre here was Master of Fox Hounds at Cannington. Cricket, tennis and rugger were among favorite sports.



The Cannington Hunt prepares for a day's sport. Capt. Edward Michel Pierce, the colony's founder, named it after a village in Somerset.



Race Day. Traces of the track can still be seen today under grass and weeds. Most of Cannington and its memories are overgrown or crumbled.



The second age of mammoths merges with the first age of machines. These pioneer steam tractors were working near Weyburn in early 1900s.

The land begins to yield its bounty



In prairie agriculture the ranch roundup alone was much the same then as now. This was 1883.

AT FIRST much of the soil was broken slowly and laboriously by single-furrow plows, drawn by a single ox or horse, occasionally as in one of the pictures on the opposite page by strong and gallant peasant women from Europe. Many of the first crops were cut by hand with scythe or sickle and threshed with wooden hand flails—sometimes called “the poverty stick.” But a dozen revolutions in machines and methods, a few symbols of which are shown here, led to the single revolution that counted most: Instead of working all the time to live, it had become possible to work part of the time and live well.



In good years it sometimes seemed as though the wheat would never stop growing. This chin-high, horizon-wide Alberta field was reaped in 1906.



Contract threshing outfits made it possible for the smaller farmers to rent machinery and gradually grow bigger. This picture was taken in 1898.



These Doukhobor women's men were away working on the CPR. They had no stock, so hauled plough themselves.



At first the ox had three great advantages over the horse: his wide hooves didn't sink in wet earth, he seldom ran away, and needed no food but grass.



As late as 1906 some of the wonderful new machines were driven, literally, by horsepower. This treadmill thresher worked four miles from Calgary.



1902. This was Miss Montgomery's Millinery Store, the proprietor seated at centre. Edmonton's population was still well below four thousand.

The splendid dreams begin to come true

SOME OF the fair visions of the early settlers proved illusory. But even before 1905, they had helped to prove that abundance and elegance were by no means beyond their grasp. All these photographs except the Saskatoon real-estate ad below were taken while Alberta and Saskatchewan were still part of the Northwest Territories. Their locale was Edmonton. The distance between buffalo bones and bull trains and the silk and tassels and mahogany you

see here is less than twenty years. By the end of that crucial period the pioneers had proved they were ready for self-government. They were on the way to proving something even more important than that. They still had a lot to learn about the volatile old land—but they could endure its tantrums if it could forgive their follies. They were ready to settle down in the fullest sense, not because there was no other place else to go but because there was no better place to be.

Saskatoon Will Be a City of 400,000 Inhabitants in 1940!

In Saskatchewan 5 per cent or 1-20 of the arable land is under cultivation. It is estimated that it will all be under cultivation and developed in the next 30 years. Therefore Saskatchewan will increase its population as the land is developed. Then it is reasonable to say Saskatoon when the country is fully developed will be 20 times larger than today, making 400,000 inhabitants. (Saskatoon will have 100,000 in 10 years and 200,000 in 20 years.)

THEN START THE FOUNDATION FOR A CITY!

C. I. ALEXANDER,

Care of Alexander & Smith,

232 Second Avenue



1912. Western real-estate booms were epidemic. 1901. Pioneer thespian V. M. Barford (centre) has been a church organist in Edmonton for fifty-four years.



1903. PIONEER SALOONKEEPER Donald Ross (right) called his Hotel Edmonton the finest west of Winnipeg. Primitive "stopping places" were the first inns.



1895. PIONEER DRUGSTORE was Morrow's. Many homesteaders brought their own ideas about medicine. They ranged from herb cures to innocent sorcery.



1899. PIONEER SALON. This was the La Prell home, one of Alberta's most handsome. The standard living unit was still the sod shack or poplar cabin.



BY
BLAIR FRASER

The Political

Amid the paradoxes of western
politics there is none
stranger than that of Manning
and Douglas. They're the mildest
pair of mavericks the west
has ever seen, they look
like brothers, yet each man's
meat is the other's poison

ON PAPER they sound like identical twins. Both are Baptist ministers who went into politics as an extension of their church work. Both are gifted public speakers with large personal followings, and therefore both are regarded as indispensable props of the parties and governments they lead. The parties themselves have a common ancestry—both are heirs of a prairie radicalism that goes back to the days when the west was all one Northwest Territory, and felt itself neglected, dominated and exploited by a distant and arrogant east.

It's a puzzle, indeed, how any two men could seem so much alike and be so diametrically different as Thomas Clement Douglas and Ernest Charles Manning, respectively CCF premier of Saskatchewan and Social Credit premier of Alberta.

Douglas is "Tommy" to most people in Saskatchewan, friend or foe. Manning is "Mister" even to many of his Social Credit MLAs, and the few who use his first name call him Ernest, not Ernie. Douglas is short, stocky and quick on his feet, a champion boxer in his youth. Manning is tall and thin, with slender, delicate hands; one of his private relaxations is playing the violin. Both are formidable campaigners, but in opposite ways—Douglas is a droll fellow who can charm even a

◀ MANNING of Alberta learned his politics from "Bible Bill" Aberhart. Now he even sounds like him.

Prairies' Preachers

hostile crowd into roars of laughter, whereas Manning's strength is an earnest solemnity and an impression of pious rectitude. "His righteous indignation is the Social Credit Government's strongest weapon as it fights for its life in the current election campaign."

But a greater paradox than any personal comparison is the contrast between their parties—the Social Credit movement which has ruled Alberta for twenty years, and the CCF which has run Saskatchewan for ten.

In origin the two are identical. Each was a gesture of protest by resentful prairie farmers against eastern "vested interests"—the mortgage-holders who evicted them, the manufacturers who sold them tariff-protected goods at high prices, the grain dealers who bought their wheat at low prices. Also, both were a protest against the Depression, which hit the west harder than any other part of Canada.

Far from being allies today, though, the two are at opposite extremes. Social Credit, in spite of its radical roots, has become the darling of big business—oil men in Alberta and timber men in British Columbia speak of it warmly and give generously to its campaign funds. The CCF, though its socialism in Saskatchewan has been far too mild to please its own doctrinaires, is still regarded by businessmen with an implacable dislike. Each party thinks the other is its most dangerous enemy, worse even than the old parties which still symbolize the hated "interests" in both provinces. Probably they are both right in this opinion. From their common source Social Credit and the CCF have grown about as far apart as they can go.

One reason may be that Alberta, unlike Saskatchewan, kicked out the old parties thirty-four years ago at the first chance that offered after World War I, and has had a government radical in doctrine ever since.

Both provinces had been under continuous Liberal rule since they entered Confederation in 1905, and by 1921 both were fed up with it. As wholly agricultural communities they had organized to fight against the various economic interests—the railways, the elevator companies, the big grain dealers, the mortgage holders—which they regarded as the farmer's

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DOUGLAS of Saskatchewan is a great drawing card for the CCF. Some of his stories are slightly risqué. ▶



How the Prairies were made

Here's a story
that began 2300 million years ago—
the fascinating tale
of a great geological squeeze
that produced the wealth of the west

BY FRED BODSWORTH
PAINTINGS BY BRUCE JOHNSON

THE EVENT that has done more than anything else to direct and influence the economy, geography and history of western Canada was not the first transcontinental railway, the development of Marquis wheat nor the discovery of oil. It was something only a handful of westerners has heard of. It has no official name, but some geologists call it the "big squeeze." The stage for it was set two billion years ago and it has been molding the destiny of western Canada ever since.

It wasn't an economic or political squeeze, although many a westerner will hotly argue that western Canada has been victimized by squeezes of this nature too. The "big squeeze," the two-billion-year-old squeeze, was a gigantic pinching of the earth's crust which has kneaded and molded western Canada into everything it is today.

Here is how it came about.

When the earth's crust first cooled, it did so unevenly, leaving thick unyielding islands of rock—the geologists call them "shields"—in some regions, with thinner weaker zones of the same rock between. As the interior of the earth continued to cool, it shrank, and the outer crust had to buckle and fold to remain fitted to its interior core, producing earthquakes, mountains, volcanoes and escarpments in the process. The shields have been the earth's unyielding cornerstones and all adjustments to the shrinking interior have had to be made by the regions of thinner weaker rock between the shields.

The earth's biggest rigid shield is the Pacific Shield which forms the floor of the North Pacific Ocean. The second biggest is the two-million-square-mile Canadian Shield which has its centre under Hudson Bay, covers about half of Canada and gives us most of our mineral wealth. This puts western Canada between the earth's two biggest and toughest crustal zones. And its geologic history is largely a story of how it has been repeatedly lifted, lowered, wrinkled and tilted by the squeezing of the two great shields that flank it.

In the long fascinating story of the "big squeeze" lie most of the answers to the questions that puzzled early explorers, to whom the prairies were a perplexity of nature that shouldn't exist. On a continent that had seemed all forest, hills and mountains, the prairies were all wrong. How did they and their westward flanking mountains get that way? Why, in their original state, did the plains grow only grass while practically the whole continent was forest? Why do the prairies possess a thick rich mantle of soil, while only a couple of hundred miles to the north is a barren rock-

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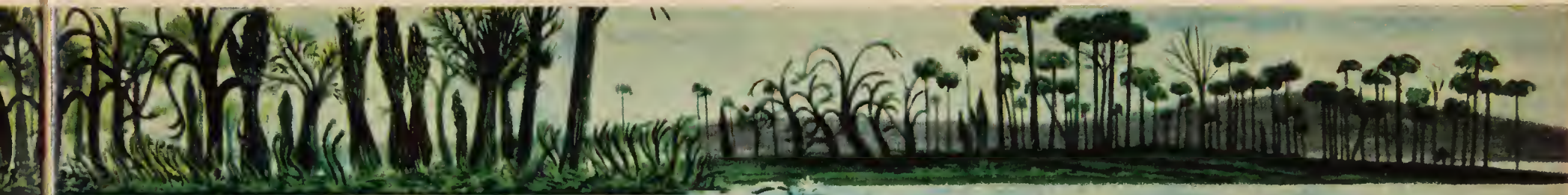
OIL

Famous prairie wells—Leduc, Redwater, Narman Wells—originated 300 million years ago in the Devonian Sea.

COAL

Dense tropic jungles growing in the swamps of a vast Cretaceous Sea were the source of today's prairie coal.





In this tropic ocean marine life died, sank into the ooze, and was changed into oil by a chemical action.

Coral reefs (left) become immense reservoirs for oil. Giant ferns grew on the shore; there were no animals.

The big reptile-like fish (right) was the dynichthys, twenty-five feet long. Others were like today's sharks.

As the ocean rose, some trees drowned, were covered in sand, and became coal in eons of chemical change.

In the swamps lizards evolved into giant dinosaurs—fearsome gorgosaurus (right), styrocosaurus (left).

In this cool age, dying marine life also started a vast new oil deposit—the great Pembina field near Edmonton.



How the Prairies were made *cont.*

land, many parts of which will hardly grow moss? And why, here so close to the drenching rains of the Pacific coast, is prairie rainfall so scant?

Only now are geologists and geographers getting to the bottom of the "big squeeze" story and beginning to unravel the answers. They still don't all agree but out of the hectic search for oil during the past few years, there has come a new and persuasive theory about the geology of western Canada.

Every day the steel bits of the oil rigs are chewing through strata after strata of bedrock, deep beneath the prairie's thick mantle of soil. They are bringing up in their drill cores the rock samples of a geologic pedigree so ancient that the era of the dinosaurs of a hundred million years ago is relatively speaking but yesterday. In its millions of years of geologic growing pains the part of the earth's crust that is now the jubilee-celebrating provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan has been covered at least a half-dozen times by vast seas. It has seen mountains come and go. It has been steaming tropical swampland, and an icecap as cold as the North Pole.

It has been under water a good deal more than it has been dry land, for this midcontinental area of the "big squeeze," before the Rockies grew up to protect it, was a favorite spot for succeeding seas to creep in, recede and creep in again. Every sea covered its floor with sand and silt which slowly cemented itself into rock, layer upon layer, and those rock strata are still there like pages of a diary in stone preserving a record of all that happened. They tell where and how long each sea existed. They contain fossil remains, like illustrations in a textbook, which show what plants and animals lived at the time.

Each geologic epoch is marked by the coming and going of a sea, and most of them contributed something to the modern scene. Later epochs produced the Rockies, molded the present western climate, created and distributed the soil. Various earlier epochs left dinosaur bones at Red Deer, gold at Flin Flon, uranium on Lake Athabaska, coal in Drumheller Valley, and oil and gas at Leduc. The Alberta and Saskatchewan of today are an amalgam of the many geologic stages through which they have come.

Probably the first essential for an understanding of western geology is a grasp of the tremendous time periods involved in geologic history. More than two hundred years ago the first explorers reached the Canadian prairies. What is commonly regarded as the history of the Canadian west began then. But the Canadian west had existed in some form or other for a long long time before. How long? If you were to let 13,000-foot Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies (so high that its top is usually hidden in cloud) represent the age of western Canada's oldest bedrock, then a sheet of paper placed on top would represent the time that has elapsed since the arrival there of the first white men.

Ironically, the same ultra-modern research that produced the atom bomb is now showing that the Canadian prairies lie atop some of the oldest rock of the earth's crust that geologists have yet been able to attach a birthdate to. The prairies, therefore, though one of the newest areas of the world as far as man's history is concerned, are actually among the oldest regions in the history of the earth itself.

Out of our new understanding of the uranium atom has come the "radioactivity clock" that measures time in millions of years instead of hours. Here is what makes it tick. A uranium crystal, as soon as it solidifies out of the molten rock that produced it, immediately begins a slow process of disintegration that changes it to lead millions of years later. One gram of uranium turns completely to lead in 7,600 million years. So, by measuring the ratio of uranium to lead in such a crystal, geophysicists have a clock which tells them how long ago the crystal and its surrounding rock solidified out of its original molten state.

The oldest rock yet dated by such techniques is in East Africa and is close to three billion years old. Next oldest, around Kirkland Lake, Ont., is two-and-a-half billion (2,500 million) years old. Close on its heels comes a granite outcrop on the Winnipeg River, Man., which the department of mines at Ottawa has determined to be 2,300 million years old. This outcrop, a hundred miles or so east of the prairies proper, belongs to the same stratum and is roughly the same age as the rock that dips downward to the west to form the foundation of the plains. *Continued on page 46*



GRASS

Fifteen million years ago the climate on the plains turned cool. The seas had gone and swamps dried up.

TOPSOIL

Beginning a million years ago mile-high glaciers crept through Canada, then melted, in four glacial periods.





The dinosaurs had died out, along with subropical trees and plants. A hardier plant—grass—appeared.

With grass came the grass eaters, lang-necked camels, pany-sized harses, the first rhinaceras and elephants.

In climate and vegetation, the prairies were a lat like they are today. But they were getting calder.

Like bulldazers, they pushed mauntains af sand, humus and rock anta the prairies fram the Canadian Shield.

The glaciers dug up clays and limes created in ancient seas. When they finally melted they left vast lakes.

These silt-covered battams af melt-water lakes are today the richest wheatlands af the prairie provinces.



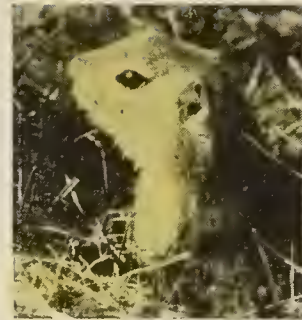


Sure, he eats a fortune in wheat

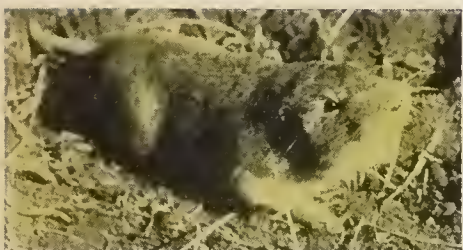
Sure, he makes a coal mine of the garden

Sure, he's dumb as . . . well, even dumber

BUT, asks Robert Collins, Maclean's prairies editor



What would the West be like without the Gopher?



THIS YEAR everybody in Alberta and Saskatchewan is saying nice nostalgic things about the buffalo, the Red River cart, the pioneer and even the Russian thistle, but nobody has a good word for the gopher. It seems a trifle unfair because the gopher is noisier than a Red River cart, more nuisance than the thistle, has been hunted more ardently than the buffalo ever was and has been around the west longer than

any pioneer. The trouble is, he's been around *too* long.

For more than fifty years, westerners have been trying to clobber this crop-eating little rodent with the buck teeth, falsetto voice and receding forehead. They've chased him with dogs, clubs, rocks and pitchforks. They've tried to drown him, snare him and suffocate him with poison gas. They've sniped at him with rifles and slipped him heaping teaspoonfuls of strychnine. Any other varmint would have thrown in the towel long ago, but this one merely goes along whistling and raising six to nine children every year. He simply swamps his enemies with superior numbers and it looks as though they'll never get rid of the gopher.

Outsiders may be surprised to learn that anyone *wants* to do away with the beast. They've never been quite sure what a gopher is but they've always suspected that it's the farmer's best friend. That's because westerners, who can spin a good yarn on most subjects, have really outdone themselves in the case of the gopher. Something about the creature fires their imagination.

For example, Carl Lennie, a Black Diamond, Alta., school principal who once attended Mount Allison University in New Brunswick, used to entrance Maritimers with his tales of life on the prairie, of galloping over the range on horseback with his faithful gopher loping alongside.

"Gophers are pretty savage but we manage to tame them," Lennie used to say, while his round-eyed listeners pictured a lithe tawny beast something like a mountain lion. "We call them our little prairie panthers."

Other expatriate westerners tell of gophers hitched to ploughs, gophers big as St. Bernards serving as watchdogs and gophers saddled, bridled and mounted like ponies. Prairie servicemen in various wars

have boosted their standing with girls all over the world by boasting of their ranches back home, stocked with two or three thousand head of gophers. There are still girls in England, France, Germany and Japan who think the gopher is the size and shape of a Texas longhorn.

Of course, the beast is none of these things. He isn't even a gopher. He's a *Citellus richardsoni* Sabine or Richardson ground squirrel, sometimes nicknamed the flickertail, yellow gopher or prairie gopher. The genuine "pocket gopher" is a similar but smaller beast, more like a mole, and *he's* so disgusted with the bad reputation the Richardson squirrel's given him that he won't show his face above ground in the daylight. Sometimes the Richardson squirrel is also mistaken for the prairie dog but a true prairie dog, although similar in appearance, is larger and belongs to the marmot family. Before this gets any more confusing we may as well go back to calling the Richardson ground squirrel a gopher, as everyone else on the prairie does.

The average gopher is eleven inches long with a three-inch tail, weighs about a pound and wears a light-grey coat with bleached-blond streaks. He digs a burrow that has one front door and up to six back doors, using his flat head to push earth along the underground tunnels. He doesn't use his head for much else and consequently anybody can outsmart him. Sixty years ago the naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton called him a "dull-witted creature" and the gopher's IQ hasn't improved since.

The gopher isn't a fighter, either. Once Seton put one in a cage with a Franklin ground squirrel and a striped ground squirrel. The gopher outweighed them both, but while they danced around belligerently, shoving him and shouting insults, he sat glumly with his head in the corner wondering what the hell Seton was trying to prove.

Being timid, stupid and a poor distance runner to boot, the gopher never strays more than two hundred yards from home. He goes to bed about October and sleeps until March or April. On fine days he likes

to sit on his doorstep, whistling in a sharp squeaky voice like a rusty hinge, chewing a blade of grass and admiring the landscape. With his front teeth hanging from a half-open mouth and a permanently startled expression in his bulging eyes, he resembles a front-row spectator at a burlesque show.

It's hard to *Continued on page 58*





It looks free-and-easy but the Stampede takes a year's work by almost everyone in Calgary. On ranches, cowboys train for months for the chuck-wagon races.

... or without the Stampede?

This year the sober citizens of Calgary will whoop it up again as they revive an era that never really existed. Robert Collins takes you step by step through the year-long buildup

WITHIN five minutes of his arrival in Calgary a stranger begins to harbor the sneaking suspicion that this town has a one-track mind. A southbound train called The Stampedeer deposits him at the station. Outside he hails a taxi that has a metal bumper slogan reading "Calgary, the Stampede City" and a driver who says "You ever seen one of our Stampedes, buddy?"

The cowboy-on-bucking-bronco motif beckons him from the wall of the Stampede corral auditorium, the floor of the Stampede ticket office and the neon signs of the Wales Hotel and Hitching Post Theatre.

If he is a celebrity of some kind, a local service club or Mayor Donald Mackay will clap on his head a white cowboy hat, one of a hundred bestowed upon visitors every year. Mackay, a chubby former radio announcer who never punched cows, wears *his* ten-gallon hat almost constantly.

A shop window displays Stampede wallpaper, printed with cows, cowboys and Indians. The stranger learns that the senior hockey and football clubs are called "Stampeders" and that in 1948 when the football team won the Grey Cup, the Calgary Albertan printed a Toronto edition—but mostly about the Stampede, not the Stampeders.

In the city telephone book he finds a Stampede Athletic Club, Stampede Auto Court, Stampede City Cartage, Stampede Dry Cleaners, Stampede Grill and Stampede Motors.

By now the stranger has probably grasped the point: this is Calgary, home of the Stampede.

But this is not Stampede Week—that fantastic July week of broncos, bulls, chuck wagons, cowboys, Indians, square dances and ten-gallon hats. It is merely a normal Calgary day. The city devotes part of every day to promoting, rehearsing or at least thinking about the next Stampede.

There may be places in the world that have escaped Stampede propaganda but, if so, it's because Calgary hasn't heard of them. Stampede literature has penetrated the Philippines, Pakistan, Vene-

zuela, New Zealand and Italy. Once a Calgary girl, sight-seeing in England, went into an Oxford library to bury herself in English culture and ran head-on into a garish four-color Stampede poster.

The Stampede city has done such a thorough selling job that almost everyone automatically assumes the Stampede is a spontaneous cowboy carnival in a genuine old-fashioned cowtown. Thus they overlook the most remarkable aspect of the Stampede story: it isn't spontaneous, Calgary isn't a cowtown and the west isn't wild. The Stampede is an act, planned right down to the final war whoop by people who, for the most part, have nothing to do with ranching. It's probably the most cleverly contrived act on earth.

During the Week—a word Calgarians use with reverence—there are plenty of bona-fide cowboys around town in skintight jeans and ten-gallon hats but for each of these there are ten oilmen, bank clerks or used-car dealers in identical jeans and hats.

The Indians who prowl the streets in war paint are out to scalp the paleface but not in the old-fashioned way. The Stampede board lures them off the reservation each year with free food for the week, a traveling allowance, a five-dollar allowance for each chief and councilor, cash prizes for colorful costumes and tepees and for non-prize winners—every man, woman and papoose—a three-dollar gratuity each time they dress up and ride downtown. Tourists also tip them for posing for snapshots. A Blackfoot chief once told a Stampede official, "The Week's worth five hundred dollars to my family."

During the Week chuck-wagon crews hand out *Continued on page 62*



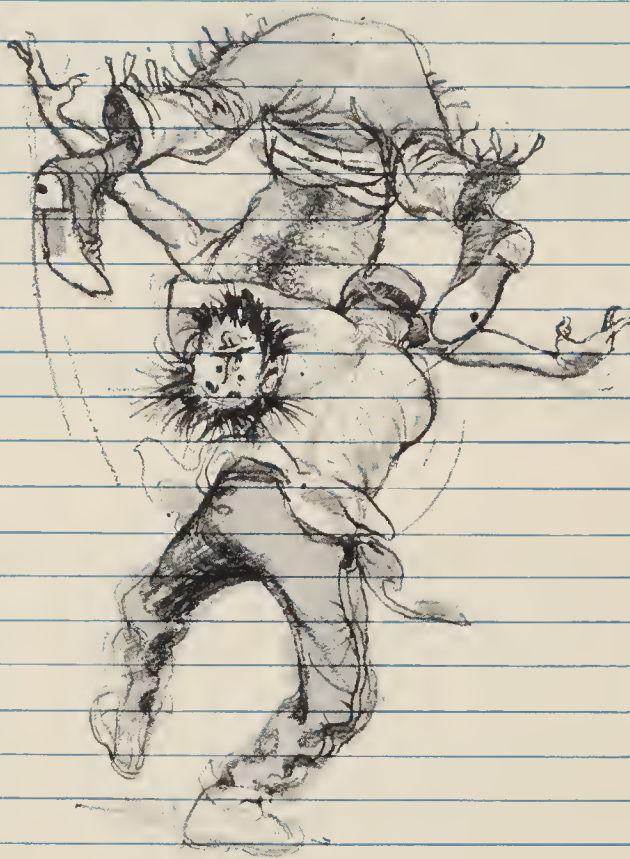
Cowboys serve flapjacks on the streets.



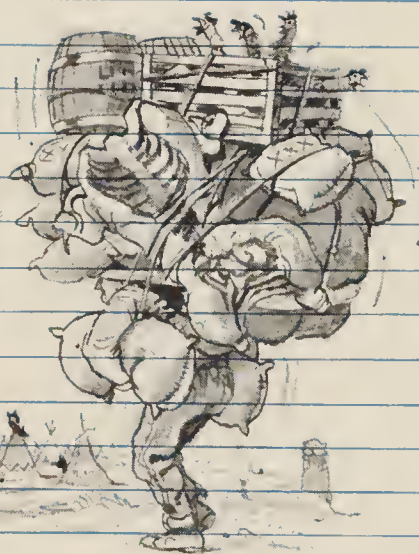
Jake can do most
anything, like
calling down
them mallards
at the slough.



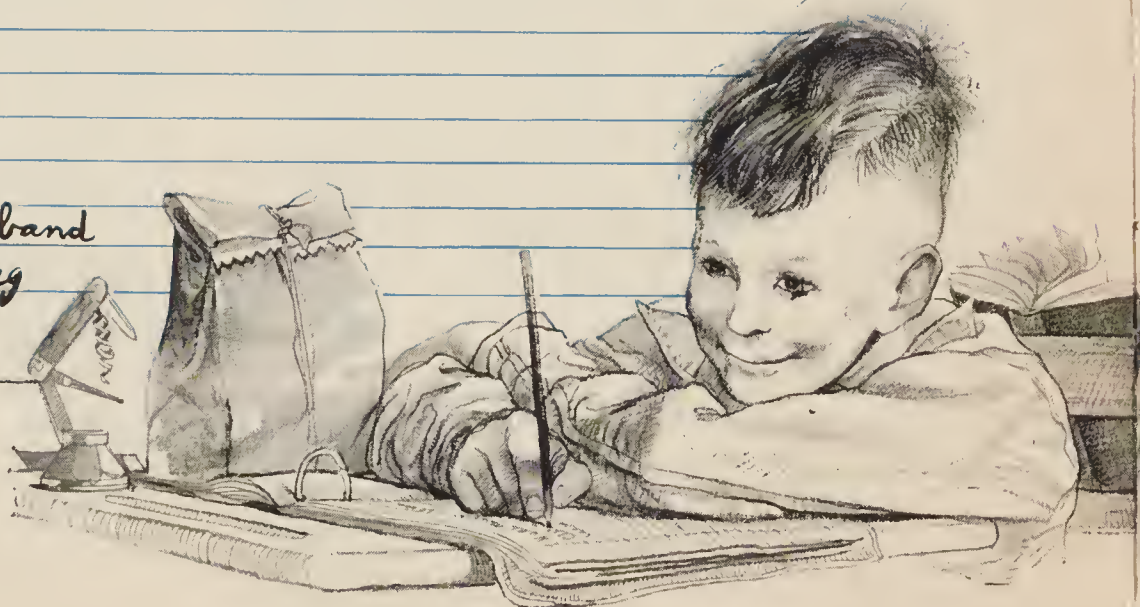
There was that time
he killed a grizzly with
his bare axe.



He threw Looie Riel
and made him say
uncle three times



and he saved a whole band
of Blackfoots from starving
to death



When I got to her, that essay on Jake just rolled like a tumbleweed. Funny thing how Miss Henchbaw took it though.

Over at the Crocus school, Miss Henschbaw

set the class to writing a

Fiftieth Anniversary essay. The Kid decided that it was time the whole prairies met

The Golden Jubilee Citizen

A new Jake and the Kid story by W. O. MITCHELL

ONE THING I noticed: it's after the ice has gone out of the curling rink and before they can get on the land for spring drilling—that's when folks seem to stir up stuff they let lie all summer and fall. Holgar Petersen remembers the fight he had with Pete Snelgrove over that hay deal back in Nineteen Fourteen. Repeat Godfrey gets sore all over again the way Chez Sadie's put in that barber chair instead of just giving women permanents the way they're supposed to do. Jake starts licking old wounds too.

Jake's our hired man, helps Ma and me farm our farm down Gover'ment Road from Crocus. Some of the wounds give Jake the worst twinges are the ones he got off of Miss Henschbaw that teaches us kids out at Rabbit Hill. She is a stickler for the truth; like Jake says, she stickles worse than anybody in Crocus. When she isn't stickling she is running Crocus. She doesn't run Jake.

Miss Henschbaw is the one organized the Crocus Preservation of Historical Shrines and Historical Landmarks Society—her and Repeat Godfrey. That put her in the saddle you might say, so when we run up against Saskatchewan's Jubilee Year, she's all set to run that too.

Take the day last fall when Jake and me were in Repeat's barber shop. I already had my hair cut and Jake was laying back in the chair—Repeat's razor was snickering up and down his strop, and I hadn't been listening too hard because I was trying to figure out the time from the clock. It is very hard to figure out the time when you are looking at the face of a clock and it is backwards in the mirror

over Repeat's instrument shelf. She was that warm fall we had last year and Repeat's door was open and every once in a while a sort of a breeze would lift up the tufts of hair around the chair and breathe them along.

"She didn't invent the Golden Jubilee, Repeat." It came out sort of muffled the way the towel was wrapped all around Jake's face except for the tip of his nose.

"No one says she did—didn't say she did." Repeat left off stropping and took Jake's nose between his thumb and finger with the little one up like women do with their teacup. "But without Miss Henschbaw—without her—there'd be no Golden Jubilee Committee." Repeat wiped his razor on the square paper on Jake's wishbone. "To her and her alone goes the credit—most the credit—for the program to mark our province's fiftieth birthday."

Jake grunted. He can get a lot into a grunt.

"Still there, Jake. Can't shave a moving object. Old-timers."

"What about 'em?"

"Her thought of the benches—old-timer benches to be set up on the downtown streets—Golden Jubilee Benches. Hers was the Golden Jubilee Mosquito Control Program."

"Was it?"

"Certainly. Certainly was. Oratorical contest What My Province Means To Me. She was the one put the bug in the Activarians' ear—about the contest."

I knew all about that. She was cracking the whip

over us kids in Oral English, getting us to do speeches on What My Province Means To Me.

"That woman," Repeat was saying to Jake, "that woman has a great sense of history. Great sense."

"No sense."

"How's that, Jake?"

"Nothin'!"

Repeat turned away from the instrument shelf, dabbed at Jake with that after-shave stuff. "I'm qualified, Jake."

"That's nice."

"Qualified to judge whether or not she has historical sense." Repeat pumped Jake straight up. "She has."

"Well, I don't know, Repeat—"

"I do." Repeat plugged in the clippers. "Most the reading I do is historical reading. You might say I revel in history." Repeat bent his knees the way he does, lowered his head, started his first swath through Jake's hair. "Fabulous new best seller set in the time of Louis Quinzy." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "In Felice Gagnon's lovely body flowed warm Basque blood—spiced with a fiery Castile strain—she charmed the crowned heads Europe—held kingdoms in her graceful hands . . ."

"That's nice. Take some off the top, Repeat."

" . . . but her spirit was completely pagan."

Repeat turned off the clippers—picked up his comb and scissors. "Learn quite a lesson from history. As the history is bent so the nation groweth."

"Uh-huh," Jake said.

"Like a fellow's

Continued on next page

Illustrated by Duncan Macpherson



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

MARTY: Important pictures are not always "big" pictures and this low-budget comedy-drama about the romance of a fat ugly butcher and a thin plain old-moid school-teacher is an admirable case in point. Intelligently adapted for the screen by Poddy Choyefsky from his own oword-winning television ploylet, it's on achingly honest, sod and funny story of real human beings, not cardboard dummies. Only one or two false notes slightly mor the unconny realism of the dialogue. Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Bloir are the unglamorous sweethearts.



Borgnine: Even butchers fall in love.

AS LONG AS THEY'RE HAPPY: A crying crooner from Hollywood disrupts on English household but turns out rather implausibly to be o Reol Nice Guy in this slapstick British comedy. Rating: fair.

BEDEVILLED: A young mon studying for the priesthood (Steve Forrest) becomes innocently but emborrossingly involved with a shady lady (Anne Boxter) in Paris, which has seldom looked lovelier in o movie. Unfortunately, the story is o lot less captivoting thon the scenery.

THE PRODIGAL: A semi-Biblical "spectacular," long and lavish and stupefyingly dull, and co-starring Lano Turner and Edmund Purdom. I wasn't afraid my watch hod stopped; I was ofraid it was going backwards.

STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND: James Stewart and June Allyson in o sincere but cliché-ridden tribute to Uncle Som's atomic bombers — with magnificent aviation photography in the improved VistoVision process.

THIS ISLAND EARTH: One of Hollywood's more interesting science-fiction adventures, good fun for spoce fons young and old.

THREE CASES OF MURDER: A trio of unconnected featurettes from Britain, in a tolerably entertaining pockege. Orson Welles and Alan Bodel are among the porticiponts.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Aida: Opera. Excellent.

Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense. Gaad.

Bambaa Prison: Spy drama. Paar.

Battle Cry: War and sex. Fair.

The Beachamber: Comedy. Fair.

The Big Camba: Crime drama. Paar.

Blackboard Jungle: Drama. Gaad.

Black Widow: Whadunit. Gaad.

The Baunty Hunter: Western. Gaad.

The Bridges at Taka-Ri: War. Excellent.

Braken Lance: Western. Excellent.

Carmen Janes: Negra opera. Excellent.

Chance Meeting: Drama. Gaad.

Conquest of Space: Science fiction. Fair.

The Cauntry Girl: Drama. Excellent.

Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.

Day of Triumph: Drama of Saviour's

life and resurrection. Excellent.

The Divided Heart: Drama. Excellent.

Dawn Three Dark Streets: Crime. Good.

East of Eden: Drama. Gaad.

End of the Affair: Drama. Fair.

Far Better, Far Warse: Comedy. Gaad.

Gate of Hell: Japanese medieval drama.

Excellent.

The Glass Slipper: Romance. Gaad.

Green Fire: Adventure. Fair.

Hit the Deck: Musical. Fair.

It Came Fram Beneath the Sea: Science

fiction. Paar.

Jupiter's Darling: Musical. Fair.

Kiss Me Deadly: Sex-and-slaughter melo-

drama. Fair — far adults.

A Life in the Balance: Suspense. Fair.

Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.

The Loves of Verdi: Opera biog. Fair.

Mad About Men: Mermaid farce. Fair.

A Man Called Peter: Drama. Excellent.

The Man Wha Loved Redheads: British

romantic comedy. Fair.

Man Without a Star: Western. Gaad.

Many Rivers to Cross: Comedy. Fair.

Mr. Hulat's Holiday: Comedy. Gaad.

New Yark Confidential: Crime. Gaad.

On the Waterfrant: Drama. Excellent.

The Other Waman: Sexy drama. Fair.

Prince of Players: Drama. Gaad.

The Racers: Speed-track drama. Fair.

Run far Caver: Western. Gaad.

The 7 Little Fays: Shawbusiness biog-

comedy. Fair.

Shatgun: Western. Fair.

Simba: African drama. Gaad.

Six Bridges to Cross: Crime. Gaad.

A Star Is Barn: Musical. Excellent.

The Stranger's Hand: Spy drama. Fair.

Three far the Show: Comedy. Fair.

Tight Spot: Suspense. Gaad.

To Paris With Love: Comedy. Gaad.

Untamed: African adventure. Fair.

The Wages of Fear: Suspense. Sordid

but fascinating.

White Feather: Western. Gaad.

childhood—same thing as a human's childhood—nation's history."

"I guess so," Jake said.

Repeat straightened up, took a couple snips at the air with his scissors; he blew on his comb. "Good childhood—good nation."

"Uh-huh," Jake said.

"Moral lesson."

"Uh-huh," Jake said.

"Crocus and Saskatchewan has—have had—a colorful past. Colorful."

"Thunderin' hooves the mighty fur traders—like of that," Jake said.

"Wild elements—bred in the blood and bone of Crocus citizenry. Blood and bone."

"Don't forget the top, Repeat." Jake squinted up to him. "Most the folks I know—early days—hail from Ontario. They come out for free land or a chance to start out a general store from scratch. They just got Ontario in their blood an' bone. Kind of thin on the wild elements you was..."

"Can't take it too literally, Jake," Repeat said. "We all got Ontario in our blood. Isn't much can be done about that."

"No," Jake said. "I guess not." He looked kind of thoughtful.

"Let us not underestimate Miss Henchbaw. Her part—major part in the coming Golden Jubilee Celebrations."

"I won't," Jake said.

Repeat dusted Jake off with that duster. He whipped the sheet from around his neck. Jake got up and reached in his pocket.

"Sheer genius," Repeat said. "Two and a quarter, Jake."

"Uh-huh," Jake said.

"Sheer stroke of sheer genius when she figured out her idea—Crocus Golden Jubilee Citizen. Thanks, Jake."

IKNEW all about that too. Repeat meant the essay contest where you had to tell who you thought was Crocus District's Golden Jubilee Citizen, the one person Crocus couldn't done without during the last fifty years. That was what I was working on.

It didn't go so good; I noticed it's not so easy to get your words to pull together in the harness the way you want them to. Besides—it isn't so easy to figure out a thing like that. First off I thought of Old Daddy Johnston that's a hundred and seven. Jake said:

"Not Daddy, Kid. Daddy's already famous in a way. Way I see it—when they tell you to pick your Golden Jubilee Citizen, I figger they mean somebody a person wouldn't think of offhand. Somebody that's bin goin' along, doin' his job so you—well—sort of like you was holdin' up a lantern

an' there he is—Crocus Golden Jubilee Citizen. Bin there all the time—till your lantern shone on him an' showed what he was really like."

"Mmmmmh."

"Now—I like Wing. Sanitary Café. All the folks thinkin' of Merton Abercrombie, bank manager—MacTaggart, mayor Crocus. Me—I like Wing in the Sanitary Café."

"How come, Jake?"

"Well—all durin' them dirty Thirties when he fed the bindle stiffs an' the stew bums—the scen'ry hogs an' the gay cats an' the lump bums that swung down off the freights behind Hig Wheeler's Lumber Yards. Wing never let one of 'em go away hungry. You take the hockey outfits—Peewees, Juniors, Intermediates—ain't a year Wing didn't put up the money for their uniforms. Then all them baskets fruit he sends to anybody sick in the hospital. Go a long ways, Kid—before you find a better Golden Jubilee Citizen than Wing."

"Uh-huh. What about Doctor Fotherin'ham?"

Jake pursed his mouth. "Yeah. But don't forget the lantern, Kid. Doc's Federal Member. Had the lantern light throwed on him ever since he went down to Ottawa." Jake shook his head. "I still like Wing."

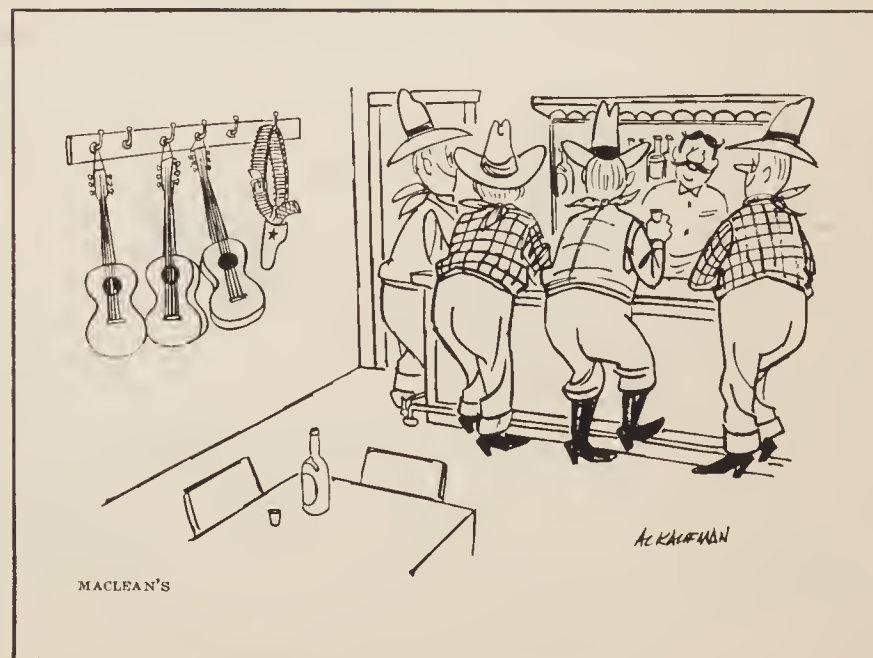
You never catch Jake following other folks' tracks very far. If you tried a hundred years you would have an aitch of a time to replace Jake. It was Jake taught me to hold a twenty-two and touch off a gopher. He's made me all kinds of things, because he's kind to kids. I never known him to thin a kid's hide once. When I was very young he used to hide the Easter eggs in the strawstack for me. You take in the olden days:

"I never picked my friends outa race ner politics ner religion," Jake says. "I was fussy about Wilf—Sir Wilf—an' I drunk Catawba wine with Sir John A. After we settled a little misunderstandin' me an' Looie got along well too."

All kinds of fellows got into the history books, but Jake didn't. You don't find about him rassling Louis Riel on the Banks Cutknife Crick, but he did, whatever Miss Henchbaw says. She doesn't believe he knew Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir John A. Macdonald personally either.

But I know this about Jake. He's honest and he's straight through. He has worked hard all his life and like he says:

"Every day my life I twanged the bedsprings at sundown an' I kicked the dew off of the stubble with the rooster. I never had a holiday long as I can remember. Who the hell ever heard of



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What are the red-letter days in your family year? Birthdays, anniversaries, vacations, family reunions—all of these, certainly. Perhaps there's a wedding coming up soon, or a visit to youngsters at camp. These, too, are big moments—memory-filled occasions that deserve the extra reality, the extra satisfaction of color pictures.

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JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"They call it oil. It tastes terrible."

a hired man takin' a holiday!"

Jake could have been a politician. Like he told me once:

"I could of bin in the Senate—walked in velvet up to the fetlocks—smoked House of Senate cigars an' spit into gold goboons like the rest of 'em down there. I ain't. I'm a hired man. Except for a couple times in the year when she gets piled to the barn windows—it's cleaner."

Other fellows just let their minds coast along—but with Jake the motor's always going.

I guess it was along about March this spring, after I been chewing away at that essay, it suddenly dawned on me who ought to be Crocus Golden Jubilee Citizen. Like Jake said, it was like I held up a lantern and there he was in the circle yellow light: the man that made Looie Riel say uncle three times—once in English, once in Cree and the third time in French; the man that built the country; the man that invented hay wire; far as I was concerned the man the country couldn't have got along without. Jake Trumper—the Golden Jubilee Citizen and our hired man.

That essay just rolled along like tumbleweed. I put down all about how Jake can tell the weather and witch water wells. I told how he could call mallards and geese, moose, deer and pigs. I wrote how he could play the mandolin and sing My Wild Rose of the Prairies so you had a lump in your throat—how he was the fastest runner in the whole Northwest in his stocking feet.

It took five pages to tell the way he saved Chief Weasel-tail and his whole band South Blackfoots from starving to death. I had her crackling and the pages scorching with the awful prairie fire of Nineteen Ten when he lost his horse, Buttermilk. The time he killed the grizzly in the Kananaskis Lakes when his gun froze up and all he had in his hands was his bare axe and so he split his skull right down the centre—the bear's. Then I ripped those pages out of my scribbler, because Kanas-

kis Lakes are in Alberta and I figured Miss Henchbaw she'd say we had to stick to Saskatchewan's Golden Jubilee and not slop over into Alberta. They're having one too.

I filled a whole scribbler with Jake.

It took three arithmetic periods and two nights to copy her all out in another scribbler. I turned the first one in to Miss Henchbaw. I wrapped up the other one and mailed her to Mr. Lambert that's editor of the Crocus Breeze.

ONE thing about Miss Henchbaw—she rips right through your stuff when you hand it in to her. I put it on her desk recess Monday morning. When we filed in and sat at our desks after dinner, she already had the coal oil on her fire. She snapped Steve Kiziw's head off for sharpening his pencil in the middle of Pippa Passes: LaPrelle Rasmussen had her hand up clear through The Empires of the Fertile Crescent without Miss Henchbaw seeing it. When we got to Now the Day is Over, Miss Henchbaw said she wanted to see me for a minute after the bell.

My scribbler about Jake being Crocus Golden Jubilee Citizen lay on her desk next to a saucer of crocuses.

"I've read this." Her mouth got thinner. "You've done a commendable amount of work on it." She shifted Trails through the Garden of Numbers a little to the south. "It's too bad your subject matter couldn't have been a little more worthy of your effort." I waited for her whilst she took a piece of green chalk in her fingers and kind of fiddled with it. "Truth," she said and her face was red all the way to her hair she wears piled up like one of those round loaves of bread.

"Truth," she said again, "is like a pure spring welling from the ground. It must not be adulterated or contaminated. Its sparkling clarity can be so easily dulled and muddled."

I was wondering when she was going to get to my essay.

"We must strive after truth in word

SEDAN CONVENIENCE WITH

Hardtop flair



Monarch Richelieu

FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

HERE IS
SEDAN STRENGTH AND
FOUR-DOOR CONVENIENCE
WITH A NEW, SLIM, SLEEK
LOW-TO-THE-GROUND
SILHOUETTE!

The completely new, entirely different and distinctive Monarch Richelieu Four-Door Sedan is the lowest, sleekest sedan in Monarch history—measuring only 58½ inches from road to roof! This brilliantly beautiful car was planned to appeal to those who demand the strength and rigidity of sedan construction and the convenience of four-door design but appreciate the low, slim, elegance of hardtop styling! You'll find its performance, too, matches its style distinctiveness in every way! You'll get a new feeling of security and confidence from the eager power that's at your command—with a great new 198-Hp. overhead-valve V-8 engine by the world's most experienced V-8 builder. You'll enjoy new smoothness, steadiness and steering ease with improved ball-joint front suspension—when you take the wheel of this lithe and lively Monarch Richelieu Four-Door Sedan.



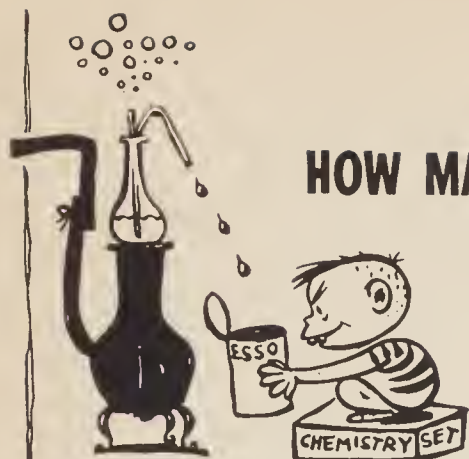
where a fine car matters Monarch belongs



(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are "Standard" on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)

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Fager

HOW MANY MINUTES PER GALLON?

Of course, you **don't** have
to make gasoline yourself.

But you **do** have to work at your job
to make the money to buy gasoline. And today
you don't have to work nearly as long as
you did in 1939, or even 1946.

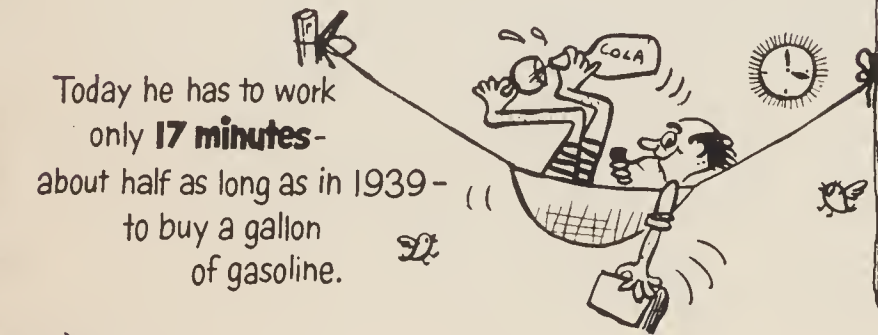
Back in 1939, the average
Canadian had to
work **33 minutes** to earn
enough to buy
a gallon of gasoline.



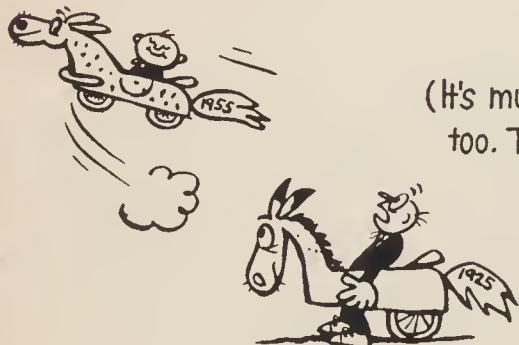
Seven years later, in 1946,
the same Canadian had to
work **29 minutes**
to earn enough to buy a
gallon of gasoline.



Today he has to work
only **17 minutes**—
about half as long as in 1939—
to buy a gallon
of gasoline.



(It's much **better** gasoline,
too. Two gallons
of today's gasoline does
the work of
three gallons
made in the 20's.)



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

and deed." She picked up my scribbler with one hand whilst the other sort of tapped the green chalk on her desk top. "This is not truth!" The chalk snapped like an old chicken bone. I watched the pieces roll off of the desk and onto the floor.

When I looked up, her eyes were enough to give a gopher the heartburn. "I thought—I think it is," I said. "Jake . . ."

"Louis Riel . . ." she was shaking her head, determined " . . . did not have dangling from his vest chain a rabbit's-foot watch fob!"

"When Jake rassled him on Cut Knife . . ."

"Nor did General Middleton wear a bobcat fur vest throughout his Eighteen Eighty-five campaign."

"Jake saw it!"

"I doubt it very much."

I stared at her and she stared at me and I guess you could call it a tie. She cleared her throat sort of exasperated.

"This year—especially this year—our anniversary year, we cannot stand for impertinence with our province's history. I certainly can't agree with your selection for the greatest Golden Jubilee honor our district has to bestow."

I can't ever remember when I talked back to my Ma or a grownup in my life let alone Miss Henschbaw. Same time I can't remember getting mad as quick as I did then—sick mad! "I figure he's a good . . ."

"I don't."

"Jake he built the country—he . . ."

"By my calculations your nomination for Crocus Golden Jubilee Citizen—had been barely born by the time Louis Riel was hanged. He could hardly be a dignified symbol for our fifty years of history! He could hardly . . ."

That was when it happened—just like that green chalk snapping in her fingers. "He sure as aitch could! Maybe he doesn't smoke House of Senate cigars an' eat Winnipeg goldeye three times a day an'—an' spit into gold goboons an' wipe his mush with a silk napkin—but he is the greatest livin' human bein' I ever knew in my whole life!" I guess I even pounded on her desk because I was staring at my fist and it was all stuck up with a wad of yellow plasterseen.

When she spoke it was real gentle. "Then your choice is as valid as mine would be." Her mouth wasn't thin any more; her eyes were funny like something hurt her—not a lot—some. "But I can't turn this in for possible publication to Mr. Lambert in the Crocus Breeze. You will have full credit for your English assignment." She brushed some of the green chalk crumbs off the desk top. "There are other crystal springs," she said. "That's all," she said. "You can go," she said.

JAKE had already milked Noreen and Mary and Naomi and moved on to Ruth when I told him.

"She just said my Golden Jubilee Citizen wasn't any good, Jake."

"Did she?" The milk went on saying some-fun—some-fun into the pail.

"Nobody can be right but her," I said.

"Uh-huh." Jake turned his head up at me. "Who'd you pick?"

"Well—I—right now—I didn't intend to let this person know I picked him."

"Oh." The milk quit some-fun—some-fun and started saying fun-fun-fun as Jake stripped Ruth. "I guess it won't make much difference if you tell me." He got up to move the pail and stool down to Eglantine. "I won't breathe a word."

"You," I said.

"Huh!"

"I filled a whole scribbler all about Chief Weasel-tail and his South Black-foots and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir John A. I really . . ."

"No!" Jake straightened up so quick he knocked the milk pail flying. "Kid! You didn't."

"Sure. Her saying all about being impertinent with our history!"

"Not alla that—that . . ." Jake looked like his teeth were hurting him. "Stuff!" He swallowed and he sort of leaned back against Eglantine. Then his face brightened up. He let his breath all go out of him. "But she said she was damned if she was gonna send it into Chet at the Crocus Breeze!"

"Yeah," I said, "I didn't tell her."

"Tell her what?"

"What I did."

"What did you do?"

"Made another scribbler full word for word and sent it into Mr. Lambert myself. I wasn't taking any chances."

Jake was leaning up against Eglantine again. He looked like he needed to. He kind of brushed at his face with his hand like he had spider web tickling across his forehead. "Now," he said, "that's nice, ain't it!" I've seen Jake look that way before.

THE time our fifty-bushel crop got tailed one hundred percent.

The Crocus Breeze eight-page Golden Jubilee Edition came out May 24, because the town council figured that was the day to announce Crocus' Golden Jubilee Citizen.

My essay wasn't in it.

Mr. Lambert had his own essay. It took the whole front page. He called it: **HOLD YOUR LANTERN HIGH.**

This is what it said:

"We are an agricultural province celebrating our Golden Jubilee Year. Our fortunes have been tied to the land and to the grain that land grows for us. Today we wish to salute the man who for fifty years has been a living symbol of our grain-growing province. We wish to hold a lantern high and reveal that man in its golden light."

I had about lifting the lantern in my essay.

"Let us salute today the man who has seeded other peoples' grain when the summer fallow steamed under the spring sun, who has driven other men's teams when the meadow lark sang from the fence post. He has run other men's threshing machines and other men's binders. He has stooked other men's bundles when the strawstacks smoked against the far horizon. He has milked other men's cows, stretched other men's fences, done other men's chores."

I had in about chores and harvest.

"His fortunes have been tied to the land as surely as those of his employer, and to the vagaries, cruelties and generousities of prairie nature. This man suffered during the blue snow of Nineteen Six and Seven; he thirsted and went without during the dry Thirties. Hail hurt him as did grasshoppers and cutworm and sawfly and low wheat prices. If he walked through a field last fall, his overall pants turned blood red with rust."

"We venture to say that the bulk of our farm owners and operators today started out at some time in the past fifty years as hired men. If not as hired men then as boys who looked to the status of hired man as one of dignity, a place in farm life to be attained, a time to be reached when they could measure

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(BUT THINK THEY CAN'T AFFORD)

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And another important thing: Low as the premiums are, this new policy builds up *high cash values* quickly—equal to the full reserve after only seven years! That means you have a source of ready cash available for emergencies.

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The Twentieth Century...

Some fifty years ago a famous Canadian remarked that "the twentieth century belongs to Canada". He was probably a few years early with his prediction, but he was also possibly more prophetic than he realized.

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Those who have backed their faith in the future of Canada by the intelligent investing of their savings in sound Canadian companies have been well rewarded over the years. Canada is still a growing country, and as we proceed into the second half of the century, investors at home and abroad are regarding our prospects with warranted optimism. While opportunities of sharing in this growth are limited only by the resources and desires of the individual, participation should be selective, and governed by discretion and the counsel of experienced investment advisers.

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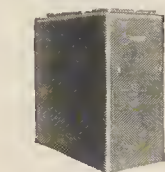
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themselves against the worth of a grown hired man, a time when they could stook just as many stooks in a day as the hired man—a time when they could match him bundle for bundle when the threshing machine exhaled its slant plume of chaff and straw.

"This man eats at the same table as his employer and his employer's family, enjoying a social equality unknown in other parts of the world and in some other parts of our own country. He is a hay-wire mechanic, veterinarian, stock man, who answers to the name of hardtail, sod-buster, stubble-jumper, hoozier, or john.

"His genesis roves the world. He comes from Ontario, Galicia, Poland, Bohemia, Ukraine; he comes from south of the border, from Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium. He wears flat-soled boots, has chores in his blood, straw in his overall bib and binder twine in his heart.

"He is in the pool of our lantern light now. You know him. Crocus' Golden Jubilee Citizen, without whom there could have been no fifty years of history, no Province of Saskatchewan: "His name is Jake Trumper."

ON Wednesdays the Crocus Breeze building sort of shimmies between Barney's Vulcanizing and Chez Sadie's; that's because Mr. Lambert is printing his paper for Thursday. It wasn't shimmying the twenty-fourth of May, when Jake and me walked in; there wasn't a soul on Main Street, them all being out at the fair grounds for the harness races and the Golden Jubilee Celebrations.

Mr. Lambert was all alone at the back by that machine that flips the round plate up and back and over again while he shoves sheets underneath and they print: NO SHOOTING or NO TRESPASSING or JUST MARRIED. He didn't hear Jake and me come up, but he turned when Jake tapped him on the shoulder with the rolled-up Golden Jubilee Issue of the Crocus Breeze.

"Well, Chet," Jake said.

"Jake. Kid."

"I just come to tell you, you got the wrong man in your lantern light, Chet."

Mr. Lambert squeezed out a black snake of ink onto the roller. "I don't think so."

"Me either," I said.

"Anyways," Jake said, "I figgered it was polite to come in an' tell you—uh—thanks."

"Don't thank me, Jake." He looked across the machine at me. He smiled a little. "Him."

"Oh," Jake said.

"Partly," Jake said, "you polished her up."

"No, I didn't," Mr. Lambert laid a new sheet down careful and reached up his hand. "I had enough to do with the special issue as it was. Crocus Breeze had a guest editor for the Golden Jubilee Issue."

"He wrote it up then," Jake said. "I'd like to . . ."

"She wrote it," Mr. Lambert said, "with certain discreet deletions and additions to the original piece." He looked over at me again.

Jake looked startled. "She?"

"Miss Henschbaw."

Jake swallowed.

I swallowed.

Once before I saw Jake looking that way. It was the time he knocked down nine grey Canada honkers in Timbers' smooth-on barley field and Axel Petersen walked in on him.

That was two years ago, the fall Jake had forgot to get his license. Axel Petersen is game warden for Greater Crocus District. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

she said, "I'll send you out west too."

That finished us. My brother Charles had eight cents and I had five. We decided that it was not enough to emigrate on, so we crossed the road to the corner candy shop of Mr. T. Snowball and we spent our entire fortune on candy balls which were eight for one cent.

But the sad exit of stepbrother Percy had fired the imagination of brother Charlie and myself. At that time the Canadian Pacific Railway, that supreme triumph of private enterprise, was busy bringing men and women from Europe to live in and build the Canadian west. Say, if you like, that the CPR was out to make money. Under private enterprise there is no halfway safety area between loss and profit. Either you lose or you win, and the CPR was determined not to lose.

Charlie discovered that the trains to the west stopped at the Union Station in Toronto—at least I think it was



MACLEAN'S

called the Union Station even at the turn of the century.

It was a grim but fascinating sight. There in the long carriages were men and women crowded into the available space, some of them asleep, others staring into space, two or three gazing with dull curiosity at the meaningless station at which they had stopped on their long, long trail to the west.

Young as I was I can remember that the sight of these homeless people seemed both sad and exciting. Probably my thoughts did not go deeper than that for I have no recollection that either Charlie or I had any curiosity about the reasons that had brought them from over there to over here.

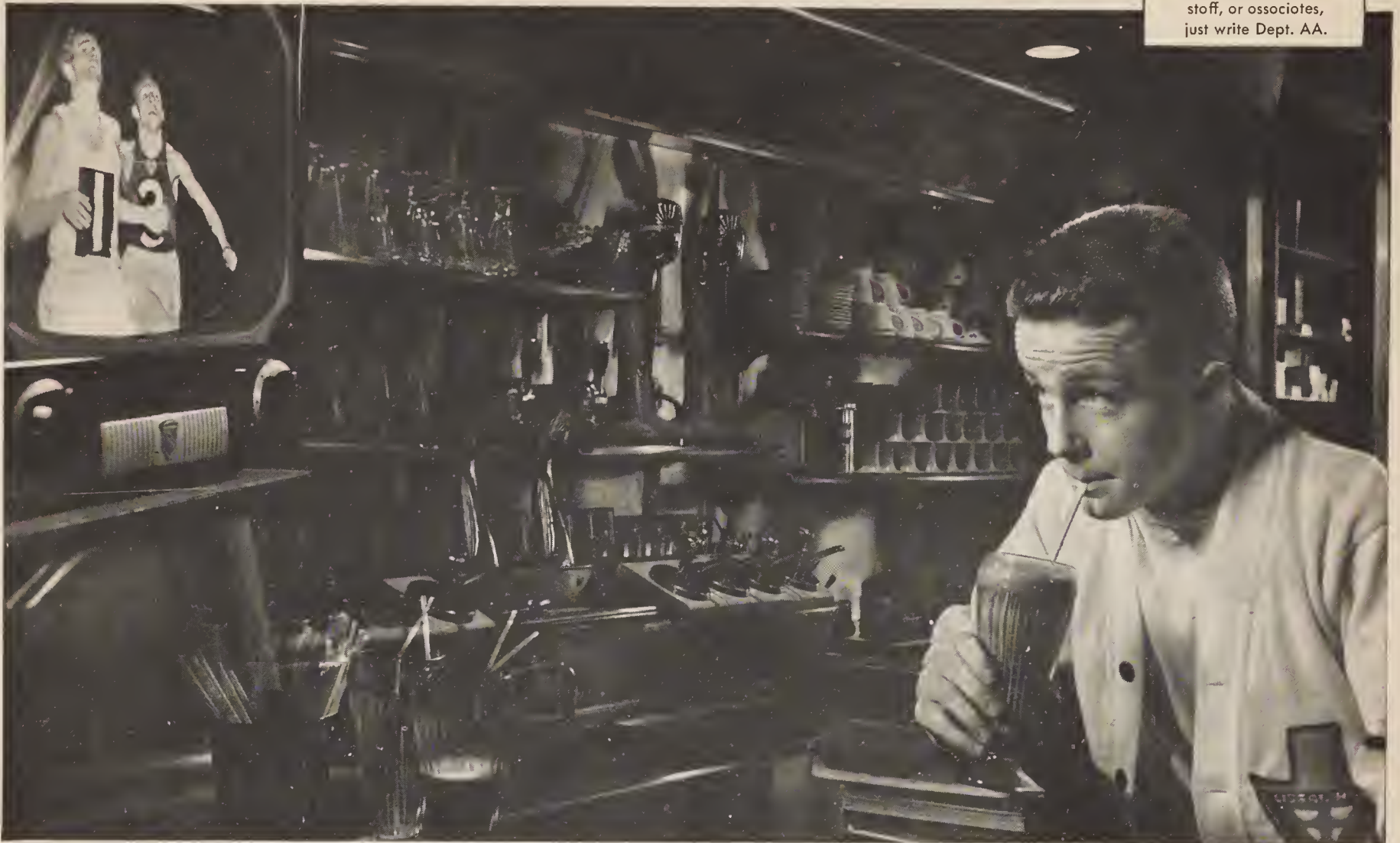
Yet by the instrument of fate I was to visit the countries from which they had come, before I would see our own Canadian west. We need not linger on the year 1914, nor philosophize as to its impact on human destiny. War is the maker and breaker of human destinies. I sometimes think that war is cruelly fastidious for it takes the young and the best. In my own unit I had a sapper named Garfield Weston, from Toronto, who had lied about his age in order to enlist. Truly war is a bountiful jade. He joined up to fight and later in the Thirties he returned to Britain and conquered that country's biscuit industry.

But you will agree that all this has nothing to do with Alberta and Saskatchewan except that I have no doubt that Garfield Weston has also invaded those provinces by this time.

My first glimpse of the west was in

Do we actually know where to face Communism?

If you could use reprints of this message for friends, staff, or associates, just write Dept. AA.



Photographed especially for Canadair by Karsh

Communists: World's Finest Athletes?



The scene above is our side of a battlefield. While we, sipping sodas, watch sports on television, Soviet hands are reaching out for sports record after sports record and tens of thousands of Communist youth train endlessly to win even more — aiming to sweep the 1956 Olympics and “prove” to the world that Communism breeds better men.

Why a battlefield? Because the Communists are finding that the deliberate making of champions is effective propaganda... contrasting their Spartan training and compulsory sports with the “soft” life of democratic nations... opening up one more area of victory in a world-wide struggle.

Can we stop them? Have we the will to do so? Every young Canadian who devotes less time to watching and more time to *training*... everyone who plays harder to win... every victory these efforts produce is a blow to Communism. There is a battle to win... and free men must win it.



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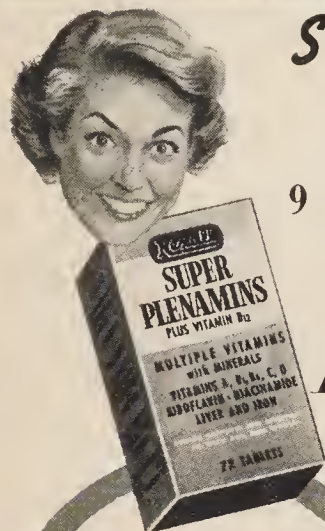


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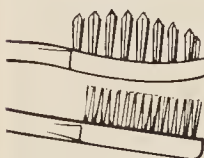
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- ☐ Wash Cloth. 12 in. x 12 in. Good quality. Assorted colours. Reg. 25¢.....Special 19¢

These special prices in effect from June 15 to July 15, 1955.

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- ☐ Rexall Denturex. Self-acting dental plate cleaner. Removes discolorations. Whitens without brushing. 3 oz.....69¢
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Tiffany Beauty Buys



- ☐ Tiffany Cream Deodorant. A smooth, non-oily deodorant which will not harm delicate fabrics. 3 oz. jar. Reg. \$1.50...\$1.00 1 oz. jar. Reg. 75¢ 59¢
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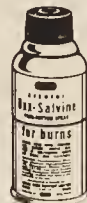
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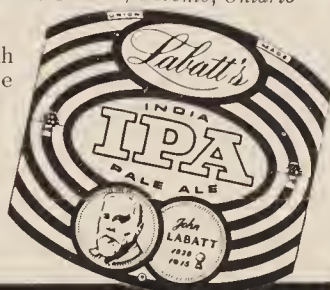
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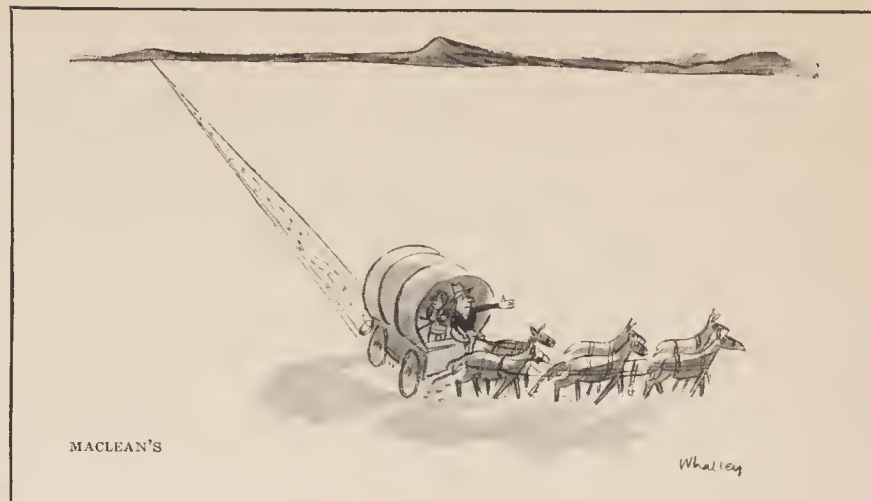
"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," says Albert Chilcott, Toronto, Ontario

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1924 when I journeyed to Vancouver to marry a young lady whom I had not seen for two years. And, true to form, the men I saw at the station in Calgary looked as if they had just dismounted from their horses. Long legs, slim waists, ten-gallon hats . . . They looked like a poster to induce men to seek their careers on the ranches.

That was long before the hidden oceans of oil had been tapped. But Alberta was not without a sense of adventure. Ten years later it was to try out Social Credit, a pleasing policy whereby everybody got some money at the beginning of the year and the government would spend the next twelve months getting it back.

Since then I have been to the far west many times but Alberta has retained to an amazing degree its quality of high adventure. There is real drama in the sight of men in the rough lonely oil fields, drilling far far down to a buried sea. They told me, and they ought to know, that a million years ago Alberta was covered by a salt-water ocean and they were recovering the sunken spoils.

The Laughter Hid Nostalgia

Just how they calculated a million years I do not know. But how vast is man's imagination and tenacity! It was exciting as dusk fell to see the red flames from a burning well. By comparison life in the city seemed a drab repetitious routine.

The last time I was in Edmonton the president of the Canadian Club drove me to the foothills of the Rockies. The coloring was exquisite and the vastness of it all was humbling to the spirit.

No wonder the Prince of Wales lost his heart to it. He had a restless soul that chafed under the discipline that fate had imposed upon him. Like other men he felt the freedom and the sense of manhood that the ranch country breeds.

But if the horse has given way to the internal-combustion engine the legend survives. Whenever I've been in Calgary or Edmonton the cinemas have seemed to be offering nothing but westerns. It is true that the audience laughed when the hero would shoot up a whole saloon full of bandits, but behind the laughter was a secret nostalgia.

Nor does the visitor want for hospitality. It was either in Calgary or Edmonton that I was entertained most kindly in a home where Pilot Officer Eden (Sir Anthony's son) had been a constant guest. He had been training there and his kindly hosts shared his father's grief when he went to his death in action in the Far East. It nearly broke Anthony Eden's heart. His marriage was going wrong, his favorite son had been killed. He listened without a word when I told him about the homes out west where they had entertained

his son. When I rose to say good night he still sat there as if he were alone in the room.

Now, as my western story nears its close, I must move to Regina. We were on a lecture tour and had flown over the Rockies from Vancouver. The war was on and I spent the entire day meeting committees, being regaled with hospitality and not having five minutes' rest.

My speech was in a church, and going up the steps I was so tired that when I began my address the words conveyed nothing to me, whatever they may have done to the audience. Afterward there was a reception at somebody's place. We were to fly to Toronto that night for a speech was scheduled there next day. Almost dead to the world I lay down on the bed for a few minutes' rest, when there was a knock at the door and the horrified voice of my manager said, "There's a snow storm and all flights have been canceled."

O blessed snow! O blessed prairies! Heaven reward the unpredictable prairies! And so to sleep.

On another visit to Regina a strange thing happened. On the train from Winnipeg I sat beside a most lively fellow whose conversation was full of humanity and humor. As we neared the station I got up and went to shake hands. For some reason he did not take my hand but his manner was still friendly. Obviously a curious fellow.

In the hotel I was asked if after my lecture I would look in on a convention of blind people. There near the front of the audience was my friend of the train.

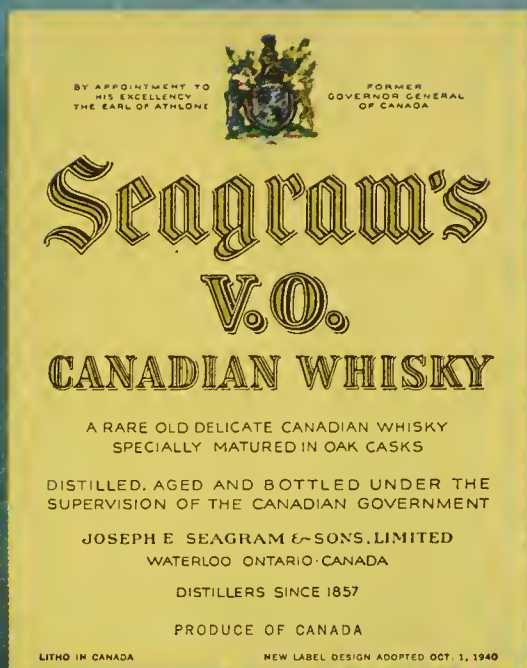
Tragedy, yes. But the spirit of those brave people and the kindness of the officials were inspiring. Truly there is much courage and much goodness in the human heart.

And who among us is too old to feel a thrill when visiting the headquarters of the Mounties in Regina? Tradition has its place in the new world as in the old. Not even the Brigade of Guards is smarter than the men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, even if their traditional enemy—the bad Redskin—has almost disappeared.

And lest we seem ungracious to Saskatoon, how good it is to see a new community planning beauty spots in this materialistic age. Unlike our beloved Toronto, they do not sacrifice everything to the needs of the present.

Nothing in this London Letter adds to your knowledge of Alberta and Saskatchewan. But Sir James Barrie said that we were given memories so that we can have roses in December.

Thus I have returned for an hour to my roamings in Alberta and Saskatchewan, and in the process have seen again the blue magic of the foothills to the Rockies and the almost delirious delight of that snow storm that meant a night's rest, and spared Toronto of a speech. ★



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How the Prairies Were Made

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

This is the rock geologists call "pre-Cambrian," which means "before life," for its lack of fossils is taken to mean that no living plants or animals existed when it was formed.

The story of western Canada, then, can be said to have started 2,300 million years ago. But for almost four fifths of that prodigious time the west must have remained a stark and barren landscape of rock, pierced by volcanoes belching red-hot lavas and shuddering frequently with earthquakes. Whatever went on in the Canadian west and elsewhere during that near-eternity of time, there is little record of it left today, for the detailed diary of the rocks doesn't begin until a time geologists believe to be about five hundred million years ago. At this time the long mysterious pre-Cambrian or lifeless era of the earth's history is ending.

Pre-Cambrian North America was considerably larger than today. Hudson Bay was dry land. Greenland and the Arctic islands were all joined in one large land mass to the rest of the continent. On both sides land extended hundreds of miles out into the Atlantic and Pacific. The continent was a low plain which rose little above its surrounding seas. The strip down its centre where the western plains now lie was the lowest area.

Now the "big squeeze" began. The area of the western plains bent slowly downward and the first of many western seas flowed in. This one, the Cambrian Sea, was a long north-south neck of water three or four hundred miles wide that started at the Arctic Ocean and came out to the Pacific again in southern California. It covered what is now the area of the Rockies, most of Alberta but little of Saskatchewan. It made a large island out of Alaska, British Columbia and the Pacific United States.

The Cambrian and succeeding western seas didn't surge in with the violence of floods. Each sea took close to fifty million years to rise and ebb; the same slow changes are being wrought today unseen. The Baltic coast of Sweden, for example, is rising about half an inch a year, a change almost imperceptible in one man's lifetime, but in ten thousand years it will have tilted all the water out of the Baltic Sea and turned it into dry land.

Millions of years of rain eroded the original pre-Cambrian rock of the Cambrian Sea's shore lines, and rivers carried these sediments into the sea. On the sea bottom these sands and silts were slowly packed and cemented into rock again, so that now a readily recognizable new rock layer lies over the original pre-Cambrian wherever the Cambrian Sea extended. There are spots under the Rockies where the sedimentary rocks built up by this sea remained the longest. As the bottom built up with new rock, the weight bent it lower and the sea therefore never filled up.

By now the Canadian west had its first inhabitants for the Cambrian Sea teemed with seaweeds and the first simple forms of animal life such as marine worms, sponges, snails, jellyfish and ancient relatives of the squids. But the biggest, dominant and ruling inhabitant was a flattened, many-legged hard-shelled ancestor of our present-day lobster called by scientists the trilobite. Trilobites, though most were four inches or less in length, were the world's most numerous and most highly developed animal. They ruled

the seas for a hundred million years—one hundred times as long as man has existed on earth. There were no fish yet. Nor was there anything, plant or animal, yet living on land. Except for thunder and the beating of the sea on the shore, the west had no noise, for there was no animal with a voice, nor were there trees through which the wind could howl.

How do geologists know what creatures lived in the west so long ago? The trilobites and their neighbors died and sank to the ooze of the sea floor. There the soft parts of their bodies decayed but the skeletons or exterior shells remained as fossils and when the ooze altered to rock the fossils remained like nuts in a cake. In later ages plant leaves and stems were preserved in the same way. Often fossil preservation is so perfect that with a microscope it is possible to count the segments in the feeler of a mosquito dead for two hundred million years.

When Fish Ruled the World

The contraction of the earth's crust doesn't go on at a uniform rate—geologists don't know why—and eventually a long period came during which the "big squeeze" relaxed. Western North America lifted again and the Cambrian Sea retreated. Now Alberta and Saskatchewan were dry land, but the seas were to come again and again, for this western part of the continent was like a hinge between the two great Pacific and Canadian Shields, and it was constantly being pushed up and down. At a much later age the greatest of all upheavals here produced the Rockies. Today the bowl-like section between the Rockies and the Canadian Shield near Winnipeg is known to oil geologists as the "western Canada sedimentary basin." Actually, only its lowest pre-Cambrian rock layer is bowl-like, for succeeding seas have filled the great hollow with layers of sedimentary rock, forming the level foundation of today's prairies. The basin is deepest at the Alberta end where three miles or more of soil and sea-made rock cover the original pre-Cambrian crust.

For perhaps a 25-million-year interval after the retreat of the Cambrian Sea, Alberta and Saskatchewan remained dry land. Then they sank again, the sea returned, and this one, the Ordovician Sea, covered much of Canada and the U. S. before its spread was halted by another period of crustal uplift.

The third sea to cover western Canada was the Silurian. Apparently it was short-lived, for the sedimentary rock layer it left behind is thin.

Now our time is around three hundred million years ago and the fourth sea slowly covered the west. Geologists know it as the Devonian, and it was a sea destined to leave an important imprint on today's western Canadian economy. Like the Cambrian, it extended down the trough of the western plains from the Arctic to southern California. It covered all of Alberta and Saskatchewan and had a huge arm which reached across southern Manitoba into the present area of the Great Lakes.

The little trilobite was still there, but it was no longer ruler of the seas, for now the age of fishes had arrived. Devonian fossils show that fish, the first animal to have a backbone, now dominated the undersea world. Late in this Devonian age strange and very significant fish appeared. They breathed most of the time by gills, but they also had rudimentary lungs by means of which they could survive periods in air when the water in which they were living dried up and left them temporarily stranded. This lung-bearing fish lived in freshwater lakes on the uplands around the Devonian Sea and not in the sea itself. In it, nature had met the first requirement for a land-dwelling air-breathing animal.

On the shores of the Devonian Sea there were now forests growing, but no flowering and seed-bearing trees and plants as we have today. Instead the forests consisted of giant, woody-stemmed fernlike plants which sometimes had stumps two feet in diameter. But except for an occasional air-breathing fish that crawled temporarily onto an inland lakeshore, the land still had



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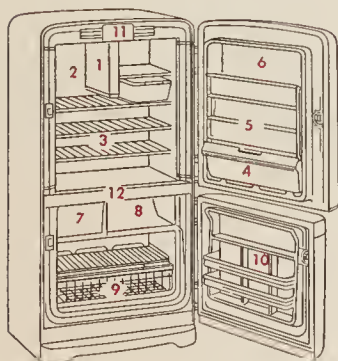
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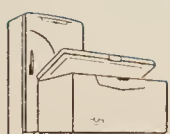
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no animal life as we know it today.

Across vast sections of what is now central Alberta and north into the present region of the Mackenzie Valley, the Devonian Sea for long periods was shallow and warm. These shallows teemed with minute forms of marine life, just as similar spots in today's seas do, for the fish that eat them prefer deeper water. The shallows were close to shore and sediment from rivers built up rapidly on their bottoms. Often thick layers of the tiny marine animals that had died and dropped to the bottom were covered with silt before they could decay. The silt hardened into impervious shale, cutting off water and air permanently so they could never decay. Ages passed, more and more rock built up above, and slowly under great pressure and heat the hydrocarbons of these undecayed animals changed to oil and natural gas through a chemical reaction that geologists do not yet thoroughly understand. Even then, three hundred million years ago, an important element of western Canada's modern economy was being created by the gigantic forces of the "big squeeze." But one other geologic process was also at work in the Devonian Sea to give twentieth-century Alberta an oil industry.

During this period a much larger part of the world was covered by water than now; ocean currents carried the heat of the tropics throughout the globe and the whole earth had a warm, humid, maritime climate. Alberta and Saskatchewan were almost tropical and one of the effects was that corals, which now grow only in the tropics, flourished in the same shallow seas where the minute oil-producing marine animals were being entrapped in mud. Corals are plantlike animals that grow in great colonies and when they die they leave their skeletons behind. These skeletons build up into massive reefs in the sea, then when other rock is formed above them the coral reefs are pressed into layers of porous rock themselves which act as collecting reservoirs for the natural gas and oil.

Geologists know of one vast coral reef within eighty miles of the Arctic Circle in the Mackenzie Valley that is four hundred feet thick and now a third of a mile underground. Farther south in Alberta are several more reefs five hundred feet thick. You will know them too when you hear the names, because their names mark economic milestones for western Canada. They are Norman Wells, Leduc, Woodbend and Redwater. For, although later geologic ages have also produced oil in western Canada, the biggest pools are those that were trapped in the coral reefs of the Devonian Sea when no birds yet flew and the only animal on its shore was a bizarre fish that breathed air.

The "radioactivity clock" ticked off another hundred million years. In many parts of the world new seas rose and ebbed and rose again. During this long period the "big squeeze" apparently gave western Canada a rest, and most of Alberta and Saskatchewan remained high and dry. One sea during this time covered a good deal of the U. S. and sent a shallow brackish arm up into the present foothills territory of southwestern Alberta. It stayed long enough for its microscopic marine animals to produce the gas and oil pools of Turner Valley, Pincher Creek and Jumping Pound. Turner Valley, then, though discovered first and therefore looked upon as the pioneer Alberta oil field, actually belongs to a considerably more recent geologic period than the "new" fields of Leduc and Redwater.

But in other parts of the world this was a highly important geological time



In the shallows of the Devonian Sea the west's oil originated.

for it was the "Carboniferous period"—the age that produced the great coal beds of the Canadian Maritimes, Pennsylvania and England. Alberta's coal formed much later.

On the shores of the sea that produced the oil of Turner Valley there were now air-breathing, land-dwelling animals. It had been only a short evolutionary step from the lung-breathing fish to frog-like amphibians which spent the first part of their life breathing by gills in water and their adult life as lung-breathers on land. Up until this time all life had been in the water, but now it was rapidly taking possession of the land, and with it came an important change. Fossil remains show that the first amphibians soon acquired a larynx and voice. Probably it was only a croak, but the land now had animal sounds mingling with the whine of wind and the beat of the seashore waves.

The Age of Cockroaches

Because Alberta and Saskatchewan had no seas and swamp muds in which to entrap and preserve animal remains during this Carboniferous period, there is little fossil record. From the record elsewhere, though, we know what must have been happening. Slowly, over millions of years, some amphibians developed skins of scales and began laying their eggs on land instead of water. These were the reptiles, the first animals to break completely from the sea and spend their entire lives on land. Around this time too, the first insects begin to turn up in fossils, and for some reason many of them became giants of a size unknown today. There were dragonflies with wings nearly a yard across. But the commonest insect was a cockroach very similar to the one we know today—similar except for size, because they were six inches long.

They became so common that sometimes this period is known as the "age of cockroaches" instead of the "age of coal."

The time was now two hundred million years ago. In eastern North America another crustal squeeze wrinkled and upended surface rock layers to produce the Appalachian Mountains of the Atlantic seaboard. They are eroded now until only their roots remain, but for two hundred million years they have served as a supporting ridgepole for the eastern half of the continent, and there have been no extensive oceanic invasions of the east since their appearance. But the west had not yet acquired its Rocky Mountain backbone, the "big squeeze" continued to function there, and western Canada and U. S. still had a long turbulent history of ups and downs and inflowing seas ahead of it.

The midwest entered another era of gradual submergence, the Arctic Ocean crept down again and another sea flooded Alberta, southwestern Saskatchewan and many of the western United States. The greenish-grey sandstones that built up on its floor were first identified and dated near Sundance, Wyoming, and it is known as the Sundance Sea. As it receded again, the Sundance Sea left great layers of microscopic marine life buried behind it to produce another oil-bearing stratum at Conrad in Alberta and a number in the Swift Current region of Saskatchewan.

And then, about a hundred million years ago, the last and second-greatest of all western seas began as two broad arms, one creeping down from the Arctic along what is now the Mackenzie Valley, the other reaching up from the Gulf of Mexico. Geologists have named it Cretaceous (chalklike), because this was the geologic period that produced the towering chalk sea cliffs

of England. The Cretaceous period was to leave an imperishable imprint on the west, for it gave the west its coal, its dinosaurs and the Rockies, as well as several more oil deposits including the new Pembina field and the fabulous Tar Sands of the Athabaska River.

History may soon prove that these Athabaska Tar Sands are the greatest of all the west's natural resources except the soil itself. The sands lie on or near the surface over an area of about 30,000 square miles around McMurray on the Athabaska River, north of Edmonton, and throughout all this vast area they are saturated with oil. As yet there is no process known for extracting this oil economically from the spongelike sands in which it is entrapped, but the problem is under intensive study and oil geologists are confident that in time the fabulously rich Tar Sands will be tapped. When the tapping begins, it will be by some process similar to mining, and not by the familiar well-drilling techniques that now produce oil. The stake is staggeringly high. Estimates of the Tar Sands oil content range from a hundred billion to three hundred billion barrels. The big Leduc-Woodbend field, as a contrast, holds only about a thousandth this much oil. If the top 300-billion-barrel figure is proven—and many oil geologists are now predicting that it will be—the Tar Sands hold more oil by themselves than is recoverable from all the presently known oil fields of the world!

There is some dispute among the experts as to whether the Cretaceous or a previous sea actually produced this oil, for it could have seeped upward from a lower and earlier stratum of rock. But, whatever its original source, we are indebted to the sands of the Cretaceous Sea beaches for accumulating and preserving the oil.

Palms and Figs in Alaska

The huge new Pembina field discovered in June 1953, seventy-five miles southwest of Edmonton, is similar in that it also is a Cretaceous-age sand, and not Devonian coral-reef limestone as are the producing zones at Leduc and Redwater. The oil reserves of the Pembina field when fully explored may be second only to the Tar Sands. When fully tapped it is expected that Pembina will produce more than Redwater, Leduc and Woodbend combined are producing today.

At its greatest extent the Cretaceous Sea reached from the Arctic to the Gulf of Mexico and, in Canada, from the Rockies east almost to the Great Lakes. It lasted perhaps forty million years. With so much water covering the land again and moderating the climate, tropical conditions extended far into the Arctic. Fossils of leaves show that palms and figs grew in Alaska, breadfruit and cinnamon trees in Greenland. As the Cretaceous Sea ebbed, it left vast, warm, shallow swamps along its shores in Alberta and southern Saskatchewan. With the hot, humid climate there were dense forests growing in these swamps, making them much like tropical jungles of today. Periodically the sea returned to its coastal swamps, the trees drowned and fell, covering the swamp bottoms with tangled mats of vegetation which couldn't decay because water and then inpouring sand cut off the air. By this means the undecaying plant carbons first became peat and then coal just as the animal carbons had become oil and gas during earlier western seas.

Most of the west's Cretaceous coal is in Alberta and the Rockies; the Estevan, Sask., coal field came thirty or forty million years later. Since this

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western coal is almost two hundred million years younger than the coal of Pennsylvania and the Maritimes, it has been subjected to less kneading and pressure, and is therefore a soft coal of poorer quality than the coals of the east. In the Rockies, though, at Banff, for example, some of this young western coal took such a mauling in the great upheaval that produced the mountains that it is close to anthracite in quality, in spite of its youthful age of one hundred million years. The Estevan coal, a mere twenty-five million years old, is the poorest quality of all.

The same swamps that produced Alberta's coal also provided the two requirements—food and buoyancy—that permitted small lizardlike reptiles to evolve over a period of about a hundred million years into the gigantic, grotesque Frankenstein monsters we call "dinosaurs." The biggest dinosaurs approached ninety feet in length and weighed perhaps twenty tons. To maintain such bulk, a tremendous quantity of food was necessary, and this requirement was admirably met by the Alberta swamps and their tropical climate which permitted rapid year-round growth of plants and trees. But because of their very size they had an enemy that no other animal except the whale has ever had to contend with—that enemy was gravity. Some dinosaurs became so big that their legs could support them for only short periods on land. Just as the whale solved this problem by taking to the sea, the dinosaurs solved it by living in shallow lakes and swamps where they were partially supported by the buoyancy of the water.

Many swampy plains of the world had dinosaurs during the Cretaceous age, but the evidence of the fossils strongly suggests that nowhere were conditions more suitable nor the animals more abundant than in Alberta. One twenty-five-mile stretch of the Red Deer River valley near Brooks has alone produced remains of more than a hundred dinosaurs, thirty-six of them complete or almost-complete skeletons. One square mile near Sand Creek has provided museums with thirteen dinosaur skeletons or partial skeletons. Dinosaur fossils have also been found along the Milk River in southern Alberta and in the Cypress Hills region of southwestern Saskatchewan.

Dinosaurs reached their peak about a hundred million years ago. At that time the Alberta and Saskatchewan swamplands would have been a fearsome and inhospitable place to go strolling or boating. The first of the big dinosaurs were plant-eaters and probably as gentle and peace-loving as cows. But great flesh-eating dinosaurs soon appeared, probably as ferocious as they were big, and it is undoubtedly a blessing of the evolutionary process that there were no men yet on earth to face them.

One of the commonest dinosaurs in western Canada was apparently a huge plant-eater named *Corythosaurus*. It approached thirty-five feet in length, had feet like small tree trunks that left tracks a foot or so across, but the brain that controlled its fifteen-ton body was smaller than the brain of a fox terrier. When *Corythosaurus* clambered out of the water and stood on land, you would have needed a twenty-five-foot ladder to get on his back.

Somewhat smaller, but more grotesque and formidable, was *Styracosaurus*, one of several Albertan horned dinosaurs. To protect its soft and vulnerable neck, *Styracosaurus* had a huge bone shield projecting from the base of the skull like a gigantic cloak back to the shoulder. Around the rim of this neck shield was a frightful array of long sharp horns or spines. Includ-



In the swamps of the Cretaceous Sea, dinosaurs ruled the west.

ing this projecting shield, *Styracosaurus* had a head six feet long. There was also often a nose horn which made this and the other horned dinosaurs resemble the rhinoceros of today.

But the huge plant-eaters like *Corythosaurus* and *Styracosaurus*, in spite of their tremendous size, were slow-moving, slow-witted and easy prey for the ferocious and agile flesh-eating dinosaurs. The mightiest and most formidable flesh-eating animal that ever existed on earth was undoubtedly *Tyrannosaurus rex*—"king of the tyrant dinosaurs." Scientists are not certain that *Tyrannosaurus* lived in Alberta or Saskatchewan, although he probably did, for his bones have been found nearby in Montana. But they do know that a version only slightly smaller named *Gorgosaurus* was common in Alberta. *Tyrannosaurus* was fifty feet long, *Gorgosaurus* slightly under forty. Both walked upright on two legs and were apparently nimble on their feet. They had huge heads four feet or more long but they were designed for teeth not brains. Each tooth was as big as a six-inch dagger and they had around fifty of them, in a mouth almost large enough to take a man in one snap.

How the Rockies Were Born

These gigantic flesh-eaters must have made life miserable for their vegetarian dinosaur cousins. Many Alberta dinosaur skeletons in the Royal Ontario Museum at Toronto and elsewhere show bones as big as fence posts that have knitted and healed after being fractured in dinosaur battles of one hundred million years ago. Two dinosaurs weighing ten or twenty tons each, coming together in battle, probably shook the earth like two locomotives crashing head-on.

But as the great interior Cretaceous Sea slowly ebbed, there were much greater forces shaking the land of the west. In previous cycles of uplift, the "big squeeze" had lifted the land sufficiently to spill out the sea, then the uplift had halted. But this time pressure from the west continued for

millions of years after the sea had disappeared. The present area of the plains was now reinforced with one to three miles of rock laid down during its many seas, but the British Columbia rock crust was thinner because seas had been less frequent there. As the "big squeeze" continued, something somewhere had to yield. The yielding occurred in the weaker crustal strata of British Columbia, in fact along the Pacific everywhere from Alaska to Central America. The rock layers buckled and shattered, often they were tilted up almost on end. And the first generation of the Rockies was born.

It happened very slowly, so slowly that had man been living there then he would have noted no change in a lifetime. But the Alberta and Saskatchewan area shook frequently with earthquakes. The dinosaurs, if their meagre brains were big enough to know fear, must have listened fearfully to the frequent rumbling of the earth beneath their ponderous feet. And well they might, for it was signaling the end of the hundred-million-year dynasty on earth. Man, before he can boast that he has been master of the earth as long, has another ninety-nine million years to go.

With the rise of the first Rockies, the dinosaurs disappeared into extinction. There had been several hundred different species and why they died out so rapidly and so completely without leaving descendants today is a mystery that has the dinosaur experts baffled.

One widely held theory is that the Rockies cut off moist winds from the Pacific, the swamps dried up, and the climate turned colder and drier. The dinosaurs by now were so closely adjusted, physically and mentally, to their swamp environment that they couldn't adapt to the new conditions. Perhaps they were too big of body anyway to ever live permanently on dry land. When the climate became one of winter and summer, instead of summer the year round, all cold-blooded reptiles had to develop the hibernating habit to survive, and probably the dinosaurs were too big to find



The greatest boon to come to agriculture—after centuries of back-breaking toil—is the very recent rapid development in mechanization. It has transformed farming from just a way of life and put it on a business basis. The farmer's equipment now is not just a mere help to lessen laborious toil—but a means to increase his production without dependence on expensive hired labor, a means to produce better crops and increase his earnings, giving him a larger share in the higher standards of living our modern economy now permits.

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hibernating hideaways. Whatever the final cause of their extinction, the fundamental conflict between their weight and the earth's gravity must have entered into it. The fact that nature has never produced animals as big since is taken by some scientists as proof that the dinosaurs simply became too big to survive.

Some scientists see in the disappearance of the dinosaurs a victory of brains over brawn. For at this time small hedgehog-like animals—the first of the mammals—were appearing. They were warm-blooded and better equipped to survive in a climate steadily turning colder. They carried their young within them, instead of laying eggs as the dinosaur did and leaving them at the mercy of any egg-eating animal that came along. And they had a better brain. With plenty of huge dinosaur eggs for food and a brain to keep them out of dangerous situations, the first small mammals prospered at the dinosaurs' expense.

Dinosaurs disappeared throughout the world at about the same time, for the continental seas all declined together. But the slowly ebbing swamplands of Alberta were probably the site of the dinosaurs' last stand, for dinosaur bones found around Drumheller are younger by thousands of years than any found elsewhere in the world.

The age of mammals had arrived. The stage was getting set for the arrival of man. The central North American plains had seen their last great sea, although the time is still fifty million years ago.

Alligators in Saskatchewan

With the Rockies keeping out the moist warm air of the Pacific, the climate of the central plains came under the influence of the Arctic and stayed cool and dry. The old fernlike plants and trees that grew the year round were killed by the cold winters. New plants and trees better fitted for the changed conditions developed in western North America and in several other parts of the world where the climate was similar. They were trees that shed their leaves for the winter, and flowering plants that produced seeds in which life could be suspended during the annual season of cold. It was an important change, for with seeds came fruit, nuts and vegetables, the concentrated plant foods that became so important in the diets of later animals. But there were still only a few rudimentary grasses and wild grains.

For a long time after the rise of the first Rockies the Canadian west was covered with forest, and the trees were the beeches, birches, maples and oaks familiar today.

Meanwhile the patient, relentless work of rain, streams, frost and glaciers slowly wore down the Rockies until, by twenty-five million years ago, only rows of hills remained. Pacific air could once more circulate freely deep into the continent, the Arctic winters receded northward and a humid, subtropical climate like that of modern Louisiana again claimed the west. Palm trees and alligators came again to southern Saskatchewan. Once more conditions were right for the laying down of coal beds, and the coal mined at Estevan belongs to this fairly recent geologic age.

But the "big squeeze" resumed and a second generation of the Rockies slowly rose—the young, high, craggy and little-eroded Rockies we still have today. During this same period the squeeze was responsible for smaller local uplifts farther east on the plains, producing Cypress Hills, Sweet Grass Hills and Bearpaw Mountains. The

climate of the plains turned cool and dry again. The subtropical trees and plants died out. But this time forests didn't return, for a vigorous new branch of the plant world better fitted to take possession of the earth's dried regions had appeared. It was the grasses.

This development and spread of the grasses about fifteen million years ago was one of the great milestones in the history of life on earth. The great grass family, father of all modern grain and forage crops, was destined to become the basic food of man. It spread to many parts of the world where the soil was rich but the climate relatively dry, creating prairies and velds. One of the first of these grasslands appeared in the lee of the newly risen second generation of the Rockies, and the prairies as we know them today were born.

The western landscape was by then very similar to today's but its animal life was very different. Mammals like the wild horse, camel, rhinoceros and elephants, which today we think of as being exotic Asian and African forms, were then living in western North America; in fact most of them first appeared there.

One of the most interesting and most important animals to come out of western North America was the horse. Hundreds of fossil skeletons show how it changed gradually from a small, four-toed mammal the size of a fox terrier to the big single-toed beast of burden we know today. The fossil story of the horse also shows the dramatic body adjustments that had to be made when the west changed from subtropical swampland to prairie grassland. It is one of the most plainly read stories of animal evolution, for there are no "missing links." Much of the story was enacted in southern Saskatchewan and Alberta, and many skeletons of primitive horses have been found embedded in rock of Saskatchewan's Cypress Hills.

The first horse ancestor was Eohippus, the "dawn horse," more like a dog than a horse, which scurried about the swampy woodlands of Saskatchewan and Alberta fifty million years ago soon after the dinosaurs disappeared. It had small, low-crowned teeth for chewing tender leaves, and broad, four-toed feet for support on soft marshy ground.

In the rock strata of twenty million years later (thirty million years ago) there are no signs of Eohippus, but there is another horse very similar which obviously sprang from Eohippus.

It is Meshippus, the "in-between horse," the size of a small sheep and looking more horselike. It still walked on all four of its toes, but the middle toe of each foot had grown much larger and had a big thick toenail.

The woodlands disappeared and the prairies came. Meshippus also disappeared and in its place is Protohippus, the "just-before horse." Protohippus was the size of a small pony. The prairie ground was now hard and the evolving horse didn't need a broad foot. What it did need was the ability to run fast because there was nowhere now to hide from enemies. To give it speed it now ran on one toe in which the toenail had become a sharp hoof like the cleat on an athlete's boot. The other toes had shrunk until only remnants under the skin remained. Protohippus had also changed from a tree-browsing to a grass-grazing animal. Grass is a harsher food that wears teeth faster, and the teeth of Protohippus, like those of the modern horse, had much bigger grinding surfaces, thicker enamel and, to offset wear, they continued to grow through life.

Equus, the modern horse, appeared about five million years ago, still carry-



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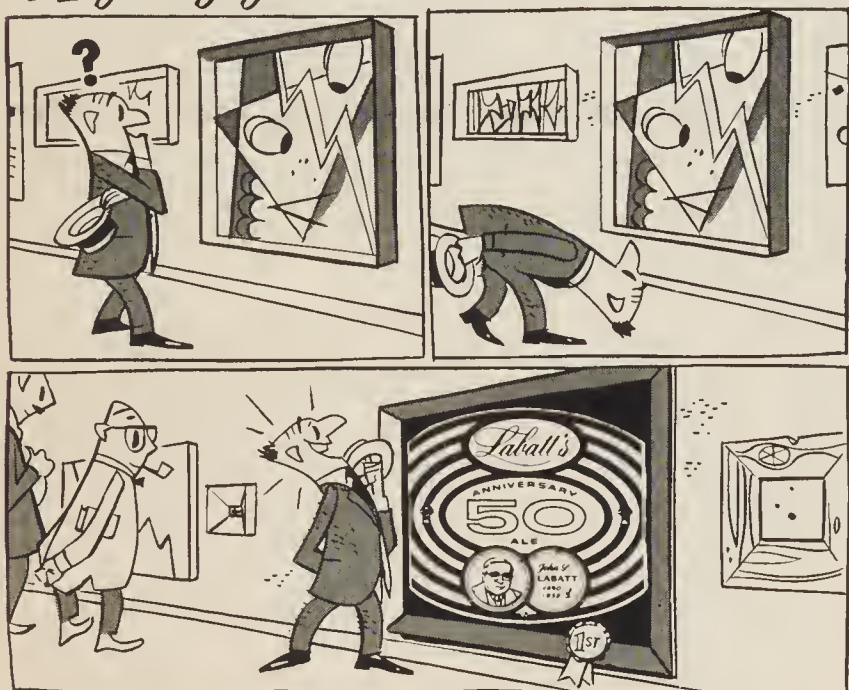
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ing above each hoof the tiny rudimentary bones of its long-disused other toes. During the last million years there were at least ten different horse species trotting over the Canadian and U. S. plains. Sometime during this period the continent rose slightly, producing a land bridge between Alaska and Siberia, and some of these horses migrated to Asia. Then, for some reason unknown, the American horses became extinct, perhaps through an epidemic like hoof-and-mouth disease. Fortunately for man, the horse was now well established in Asia where it was later domesticated. Early Spanish explorers brought the horse again to North America, but not until scientists began digging up the fossil bones of the prairies early in this century was it realized that the horse had been brought back to its birthplace.

Many other animals now looked upon as entirely non-Canadian, have the same strange history—an origin on the Canadian and U. S. prairies, then extinction here while their emigrant kin have lived on in other parts of the world.

A long-necked ancestor of the camel which has left its bones in the Cypress Hills of southern Saskatchewan was, judging from the number of fossil remains it has left, one of the commonest animals on the prairies ten million years ago. It too migrated to Asia, then died out on the plains where it was born. A camel skull found recently in a Utah cave indicates that camels still lived in the west as recently as 25,000 years ago.

The rhinoceros also originated on the North American plains. Though its bones have been identified in an outcrop of rock southeast of Swift Current, it is believed to have lived farther south and was probably never common on the Canadian prairies.

Two primitive elephants, the mastadon and mammoth, lived on the prairies, but with them the story is reversed—they migrated here from Asia. The mammoth, a gigantic, shaggy-haired brute ten feet tall with teeth weighing four pounds each, still roamed the west as recently as 25,000

years ago and then it disappeared.

The buffalo, also an immigrant from Asia, was a latecomer that arrived within the last 50,000 years. At one time there were several buffalo species in the west, one of them a giant with a six-foot spread of horns.

Of all these large grazing mammals, only one—the buffalo—still survived when white men first saw the plains. For very recently, as geologists measure time, the continent came through a period of violent change and destruction, a time of harsh trial and testing for everything living on it.

It began about one million years ago. Little by little the winds that blew down into Saskatchewan and Alberta from the north grew colder and sharper. In the Northwest Territories west of Hudson Bay more snow fell each winter than the succeeding summer could melt. The snows of innumerable winters slowly piled up and compressed themselves into a steadily thickening icecap. As pressure at the centre increased, the edges flowed outward in an ever widening circle. The great glacier, its fissured front a perpendicular white wall that towered a mile above the prairie, crunched its way south over Saskatchewan and Alberta like a gigantic bulldozer, pushing soil, forests and great rocks before it. For 50,000 years it advanced until its front was well south of the Canadian-U. S. border, and the Canadian prairie provinces were almost totally covered. Then the climate turned milder and the ice front slowly melted back until eventually even its far north core had disappeared.

Four times during the past million years this glacier has crept down from the north across the prairies, destroying or driving all life before it. And four times it has melted again and let life return to the plains.

What caused this? The geologists and climatologists have only theories. Some believe that warmth from the sun is periodically reduced by sunspots. Some suggest that volcanoes filled the atmosphere with fine ash which filtered out the sun's warmth. Others claim that the earth wobbles on



Four times in a million years glaciers drove all life from the west.



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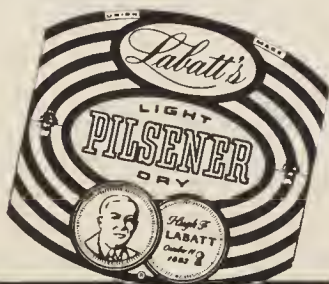


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**Will a new glacier overwhelm the west?
Or another sea? Geophysicists think so**

its axis and at times tilts away from the sun.

Each glacial period wiped out most of the signs left by previous glaciers, so there is a detailed record only for the last of the four, the one that sculptured the landscape we see today.

It started its ponderous southward march from west of Hudson Bay about 100,000 years ago. (None of them came from the North Pole because cold alone doesn't produce a glacier; there must be heavy snowfall as well.) Arctic animals like polar bears and musk oxen moved south before it. They didn't have to hurry, for the ice moved possibly only fifty feet a year and even snails could keep ahead of it. Thus, no animal needed to be actually engulfed by the ice, yet the glaciers, by drastically reducing habitat and crowding species into the south, must have been a big factor in the extinction of all large prairie mammals except the buffalo.

The fourth and last glacier entered Saskatchewan at its northeast corner. At this time the Canadian Shield, which covers the northern third of Alberta and Saskatchewan, was well covered with soil and its pre-Cambrian rock surface was worn smooth so that it contained few or no lake basins. As the glacier moved south, boulders froze into its surface, turning it into a gigantic sheet of sandpaper. Wherever the Shield was slightly softer it dug into the rock itself, producing thousands of basins which became lakes thousands of years later when the ice receded.

Where the Soil Came From

By the time the glacier reached the plains it was shoving mountains of humus, sand and pulverized rock before it, and the Canadian Shield behind in the north was scraped clean. Then it began scraping up vast quantities of new soil-making materials—the clays and limes which had been laid down as limestone and shales by the western seas of ages past. All these materials were kneaded and mixed to produce the rich prairie soils of today. Periodically the glacier rode over the top and left great mounds of these soils behind.

About 15,000 years ago, when the ice front was several hundred miles south of the U. S. border, the last glacier began to recede. As it melted back across the Canadian prairies, the towering ice wall cut off normal drainage to Hudson Bay and large lakes of meltwater accumulated. Most of these old glacial drainage systems are now dried up, but remnants of some remain. Last Mountain Lake north of Regina and the valley, now dry, which connects its southern end with the South Saskatchewan River at Elbow, is one. So is the alkaline lake chain, Chaplin Lake to Big Muddy, which runs west and south of Moose Jaw.

The best prairie soils are those that acquired more than their share of moisture-holding clays because they were once silt-covered bottoms of glacial lakes. The Regina Plain, best wheatland in Saskatchewan, owes its level topography and rich soil to the fact it was a lake bed for a thousand or so years. Other rich lake-bed soils are the "Sceptre" soils along the South Saskatchewan River from Elbow west, the "Blaine Lake" soils east of North Battleford, the "Melfort" soils of the Carrot River valley, and "Elstow"

soils southwest of Saskatoon. The "Melfort" soil belt was produced by an arm of Lake Agassiz, the largest of all western glacial lakes. It covered southern Manitoba, was five times the size of Lake Superior at its biggest stage, and portions of it remain as Lakes Winnipeg, Winnipegosis and Manitoba.

Taken as a whole, the rich brown soils of the prairies form Canada's most valuable natural asset. They are the source of more than ten percent of the nation's total dollar-value of production, alone contributing more to Canada's economy than all the nation's forests, or its minerals. Yet they were born, ironically, out of a grinding devastation of ice that swept all life before it, then left the basis for a richer life in its wake.

What of the future? Will new glaciers and new seas overwhelm the Canadian west in the ages ahead?

Geophysicists say we are still living in the tail end of the last ice age. One tenth of the earth's surface is still covered by the glaciers that began to recede ten thousand years ago. They are the icecaps of Greenland and Antarctica, both of which are countries where vegetation once thrived. These massive ice sheets will probably continue to melt, pouring their meltwater into the oceans until they are more than a hundred feet deeper than today. New York, London, Halifax, Vancouver and possibly Montreal will be submerged. But this will be a rising of the oceans, not a submergence of the land, and therefore western cities like Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary, whose areas have been drowned by seas so many times before, will this time remain high and dry.

But in the more distant future violent change will come again to the west. According to geophysicists, there is every reason to expect that, something like fifty thousand years from now when present icecaps have melted, the glacial cycle will be repeated and another ice mass will begin its sluggish and irresistible flow to add another cataclysmic chapter to the turbulent geologic history of the west.

Meanwhile, recurring west-coast earthquakes and the recent discovery that parts of California are arching upward three feet a century leave no doubt that the "big squeeze" also still goes on. Geologists regard eastern North America as an "old" land that has geologically settled down, but the west is still a region of crustal uneasiness and instability. The central plain, the "hinge" of the "big squeeze," is bolstered now by one to three miles of overlying rock laid down by its long series of seas. Will it bend again and let the seas take over once more? No one can possibly say.

But one forecast can be much more confidently made. The Rockies now are still high and young, not yet rasped down by the chiseling forces of wind, frost and rain. As a result, the climate of Alberta and Saskatchewan is at a stage in which it is drier and colder than the average of its long geologic history. Eventually the Rockies will go, Pacific rain clouds will sweep unhindered, the dry-weather-loving grasses will give way to moisture-loving forest, and the prairies will be gone.

For only in man's meagre dimension of time is the earth's landscape eternal. In the eons of geologic time mountains, seas and even continents must come and go. ★

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NEW MOTION-DESIGN GIVES PLYMOUTH THE FORWARD LOOK FOR 1955

What Would the West Be Like Without the Gopher?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

picture this mild-mannered country boy as a villain but every time he gets hungry the gopher turns into a Mr. Hyde. He eats green wheat, ripe wheat, oats, barley, rye, clover and gardens. He also likes grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars, cutworms and wild onions, but wheat is his favorite—an expensive taste, from the farmer's standpoint. The Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture reports that gophers destroyed three million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of crops in that province during 1953. At that, it was an off year. Some seasons the gopher eats up to ten million dollars' worth.

In the 1940s, University of Alberta entomologists John H. Brown and G. Douglas Roy, who studied the gopher for insects he might carry, calculated there are an average of thirty-two hundred gophers to every section (six hundred and forty acres) of prairie land, or about five to the acre. To this, naturalist-author Kerry Wood of Red Deer, Alta., adds that every gopher destroys at least one dollar's worth of grain a year. Thus, in a typical half-section field, gophers can do fifteen hundred dollars' damage.

He Really Hasn't Many Friends

Moreover, entomologists now know that the gopher is host animal for the fleas that transmit bubonic plague or the "black death." It's believed that rats brought plague fleas into California aboard ships; the fleas traveled to the gopher via various other ground squirrels. In 1937 a mink farmer at Stanmore, Alta., died from what was later believed to be the plague, after feeding dead gophers to his mink. Later, entomologists Brown and Roy found six varieties of fleas—including two types of plague carriers—on gophers in the area.

The gopher is also the main host animal for the Rocky Mountain spotted-fever tick; the tick in turn transmits the sometimes-fatal disease to man. Other gopher ticks are apt to transmit tularaemia or rabbit fever, which can also be fatal to man. Finally, some experts suspect that gophers carry equine encephalomyelitis or sleeping sickness, a killer of horses and cattle.

On the other hand, there's nothing particularly beneficial about the gopher. He has few friends, which is understandable in a creature that eats wild onions. His insect-eating habits don't begin to compensate for his wheat damage. Mink and fox farmers used to feed gophers to their animals but this practice fell off when the gopher's diseases became known. Children have tried to domesticate him but he invariably escapes and digs a hole in the lawn. His pelt is no good for fur coats. There were rumors that some westerners ate gophers in the Hungry Thirties but nobody will admit to being *th* hungry.

But, pest or not, the gopher has inhabited the west longer than anyone can remember. When the white men came, the Crees pointed out the *Mesed-jeeahms* or "big squirrel." In 1820 explorer Sir John Richardson saw gophers at Carlton House, a Hudson's Bay post in the southeastern part of what is now Saskatchewan. Richardson hadn't discovered anything else that day so he claimed discovery of the rodent and somebody named it after him. No one

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knows when the Richardson ground squirrel first became confused with gophers. Some people favor the story of two French explorers who were tramping around the prairies one day when one stumbled and wrenched his ankle.

"W'at 'appened, Jacques?" asked his friend.

"Damn *gaufre* 'ole."

Although this account has never been verified, it is known that "gopher" is derived from the French *gaufre* (honeycomb), referring to the ground squirrel's underground network of tunnels.

Anyway, what with Confederation, buffalo hunts and the whisky trade, everyone was having too much fun to worry about the gopher and he went right ahead raising nine children every year. Then, in 1882, Ernest Thompson Seton began his exhaustive study of prairie wildlife. When he was finished the gopher didn't have much privacy left.

Seton accumulated all sorts of disjointed facts. He calculated there were twenty million gophers in Manitoba alone. He reported that the creature was sociable enough but didn't engage in games. He learned that gophers don't like to go out in the rain, the hot afternoon sun or at night.

One day Seton and an assistant spent four hours digging up a gopher den. They followed a labyrinth of tunnels to a central sitting room, six inches high and nine inches square, lined with grass and oat hulls. When they got there they found no gophers so they went home.

Another day they waylaid a gopher on his way home from work, persuaded him to empty his bulging cheeks and counted up two hundred and forty grains of wheat and one thousand grains of buckwheat. Naturalists now know that in late summer the gopher fills his burrow with cheeksful of seeds, roots and bulbs—a light snack to tide him over the winter.

They're Only Worth Three Cents

Meanwhile, the Manitoba government offered a bounty of three cents per dead gopher in 1889 but, as Seton remarked, "The only tangible result was a depleted treasury." Seton personally suggested smothering the beasts in their dens with fumes of bisulphide of carbon. Since then, calcium-cyanide and methyl-bromide gases have also been tried. Calcium cyanide is particularly effective but expensive and must be handled carefully since it is deadly to humans.

In 1907, heeding the demands of settlers, Alberta passed a local improvement act authorizing districts to spend a sum "not exceeding four hundred dollars a year" to purchase and spread poison or pay bounties. Soon after that the great Alberta-Saskatchewan gopher hunt was on. Municipalities offered one to three cents per gopher tail, which the hunter had to produce as proof of a kill. Each Saturday, enterprising youngsters cashed in fistsful of gopher tails to finance their weekly movie or ice-cream soda.

Some Saskatchewan districts held contests that ran something like the Stanley Cup play-offs. The leading

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gopher-sluggers in each school won prizes of one, two and three dollars. These winners then vied for the honor of top gopher hunter of the municipality. That idea finally petered out, but the gophers didn't.

In the dry 1930s the pest flourished and so did the hunt. It was a pastime anyone could afford. Hordes of small boys charged into the fields with blood-curdling cries and binder-twine snares, steel traps or clubs. Youths who hadn't enough money to court girls spent their Sunday afternoons in pastures, half-heartedly peppering gophers with .22 rifles. Motorists with murder in their eyes tried to run over gophers galloping down the rutted prairie roads.

Farmers with inventive minds were in their glory. I once heard of a Saskatchewan man who stuffed explosives down gopher holes, detonated them with long fuses and remarked hopefully, as showers of earth settled around him, "That ought to get the little s!"

Other farmers extended rubber hose

Poison gets some gophers, but the rest go on raising nine children every year

from their automobile exhaust pipes into gopher holes to smother the pest. This was effective if the gopher didn't have an extra back door up his sleeve.

One particularly unsporting tactic was called "drowning out." One small boy poured a bucket of water into the burrow, which brought the gopher swimming groggily to the surface, whereupon another small boy belabored the quarry with a club.

Municipalities sold gopher poison to farmers at reduced rates. A spoonful of strychnine mixed with oats, wheat or barley, popped inside each burrow, did the trick. The gopher, always a sucker for food, gulped it down like the victim in a dime murder mystery.

Poison is still used effectively and with it the west currently manages to

keep the gopher in check. Several potent poisons are now available, including a complicated dish called Colorado Formula No. 46 which includes oats, strychnine, saccharine, baking soda, salt, water, oil and flour.

Judging by the amount of poison used in Saskatchewan, the gopher menace—or the farmer's interest—is waning. In 1948 the Saskatchewan Association of Rural Municipalities distributed eighty thousand tins of poison; last year it sent out only eight thousand.

Poisoning will never wipe out the pest because, for every farmer who spreads it, there's a neighbor who doesn't bother. The gophers in poison-free fields all raise nine children, each of whom raises nine more.

There are other factors in the gopher's favor too. With the publication of the Brown-Roy survey on gopher diseases, Alberta abandoned the bounty in the 1940s to protect children from danger of infection. A few municipalities in Saskatchewan still offer a one-cent bounty but the campaign has practically fizzled out. In the rural municipality of Shanrock, Sask., southwest of Moose Jaw, only three dollars' worth of gopher tails was turned in in 1953 and none in 1954. Most kids prefer to get rich baby-sitting.

Furthermore, the number of gophers in the west fluctuates from time to time for no discernible reason. Just when the west thinks the problem is licked the fields are full of buck teeth and bulging eyes again. Other prairie creatures, notably the rabbit and partridge, also mysteriously increase and decrease but here zoologists like Dr. William Rowan of the University of Alberta are able to recognize a definite cycle of fluctuation. There appears to be no predictable pattern to the gopher's comings and goings, which makes the pest that much more difficult to keep in check.

Finally, all the experts agree that prairie farmers are harming their cause by killing off the gopher's natural enemies: hawks, weasels, badgers and coyotes. Although these creatures raid chicken farms (the coyotes are also carriers of rabies in some areas) they more than atone for their sins by catching gophers. Naturalist Kerry Wood estimates that a single hawk is worth one thousand dollars to a farmer in terms of gophers destroyed. John H. Brown, who is now entomologist for Alberta's Department of Public Health, says, "Hawks, the greatest single factor in the natural control of gophers, should be protected by law."

He's Hopelessly Stupid

Coyotes, badgers and weasels are expert gopher killers too, if given a chance. Kerry Wood reports that coyotes have mastered the "squeeze-play" technique. One coyote chases the varmint down his front hole and makes a great pretense of digging, growling and puffing. True to form, the gopher falls for the trick, runs to one of his back doors, sticks his head out and utters the gopher equivalent of the Bronx cheer. Just then a second coyote sneaks up and scrags him.

Thus farmers who kill the gopher's enemies are upsetting the balance of nature and the best man-made gopher campaign will not compensate for it.

Summing up the situation, W. A. Lobay, supervisor of crop protection for the Alberta Department of Agriculture, says, "The gopher has been moving steadily northward as the country opens up for cultivation. The fact that it has spread over a wider region might indicate that it is as great a farm pest now as ten years ago. It is unlikely that the gopher will ever be eradicated."

This conclusion will neither surprise nor sadden prairie people. They've learned to take the gopher for granted, as they do the Wheat Pool elevator. They know he steals food, has fleas and is hopelessly dense and they'll chase him as fiercely this jubilee year as any other.

But they also know that whatever they do he'll show up doggedly next spring. The gopher belongs to the prairies. As long as he doesn't take over completely, they'll watch for his goggle-eyed stare and the saucy flirt of his tail in the dry grass as eagerly as they watch for the first crocus or listen for the sigh of an April wind. They'll never get rid of him—and the truth is, they don't really want to. ★

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pulls along bottom edges of the doors. Above the cupboards a planting box puts an accent of green foliage against the warmth of the wood.



Fir plywood can stand up to rough treatment. Each drawer is made a different depth to suit a specific purpose. Drawer pulls, plain wooden bars, are stained dark to enhance the modular pattern. Richness of the wood grain contrasts here with the solid enamel finish on the stove.



Hinges are concealed on these doors. In the right hand corner is a closet with a hot air vent for quick drying of wet clothes. Behind the shelves, wall planking continues the pattern of other walls. Under the cupboards is a simple built-in fixture to light the sink.

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The Stampede

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

free breakfasts of black coffee and doughy flapjacks on Calgary streets but the Stampede pays each crew twenty-five dollars a day for the favor and flour companies donate the batter. Cowboy musicians play hoedowns for morning street dances but many of them are paid, are not cowboys and belong to a musicians' union.

The majority of riders and ropers—about ten percent are Americans—are professional rodeo performers who also belong to a union-type organization and travel to the contests by train, plane or streamlined convertible.

Nevertheless the Stampede is a good act, as visitors from all walks of life have testified. During his term as governor-general, Earl Alexander saw two Stampedes and during the 1952 show he cabled wistfully back from England, "I wish I could be with you." In 1954 Walter Forsythe, an eighty-six-year-old farmer, drove nine hundred miles from Rapid City, Man., to the Stampede on a farm tractor and allowed he'd "never seen anything like this hospitality." Even a Texan—who remained anonymous, perhaps fearing reprisal from his home-town chamber of commerce—once reluctantly told the Calgary Herald that "this is the biggest darn rodeo I ever seen."

At this moment, about five hundred thousand potential spectators are suddenly becoming excited over the 1955 Week. But to southern Albertans the Stampede is more than a week. It is part of their everyday lives, a thing they have lived with and helped build all year, a last link with their vanishing frontier tradition. The real Stampede is a series of minor incidents, seemingly unrelated at first but finally falling together like a jigsaw puzzle. To tell this year's Stampede story one must go back fifty-two weeks.

It is the evening of July 10, 1954. On the stockade-style gates of the Stampede grounds a new sign has just been erected:

CALGARY EXHIBITION AND
STAMPEDE
July 11-16 1955

In the head office suave Maurice Hartnett, Stampede manager and at one time Saskatchewan's deputy minister of agriculture, and assistant manager W. L. Ross, a veteran of twenty-eight Stampedes, are arranging for a planning meeting the following week.

In the Palliser, Calgary's largest hotel, a reservations clerk tells manager Ronald Dyell, "Eighty-five people have booked rooms for next Stampede." Other hotels are also taking reservations for the 1955 Week. The remarkable thing about all these incidents is that July 10 is final day of the 1954 show.

A few days later Mayor Don Mackay, an ebullient round-faced figure in a white hat, hurries off to the British Empire Games in Vancouver. While others watch the games, Calgary's greatest booster deftly slips the word "Stampede" into the ear of anyone who'll listen. The Mayor's white hat will pop up at many other functions throughout the country before the year is out. Mackay is so enthusiastic that during the year he frequently buys white hats for Calgary visitors out of his own pocket, if the city or a service club neglects to do so.

Back in Calgary Hartnett and Ross huddle over their first problem: the cowboys complain that broncos didn't buck so well in Calgary's 1954 show as

in other rodeos. Minor as this complaint seems, it could ruin the Stampede's reputation from the standpoint of both spectators and competitors. It turns out that too much gravel has worked its way to the surface of the bucking arena. Horses are reluctant to slam their unshod hoofs down on it and cowboys don't like to fall on it.

Hartnett and Ross send workmen to excavate the entire bucking arena and cover it with sandy loam. Later they'll repair roads around the eighty-acre grounds, install pumps and drains on the bucking field, re-roof the grandstand and repair the chutes—the narrow pens where cowboys mount bucking horses and wild Brahma bulls.

Stampede officials are not making elaborate jubilee-year plans, though. They're somewhat annoyed by the provincial government's handling of the situation.

"We'd like to do something," assistant manager Ross explained this spring, "but the government hasn't given us much help. They've given us no directive, they're not paying us anything for it and as far as we know they're not going to. In Saskatchewan incidentally, the exhibition boards are all getting a special grant to spend on a jubilee program."

"We're mentioning the fact that this is jubilee year in all our Stampede literature. There'll be a number or two along the jubilee theme in our grandstand stage show. But that's about all we can do."

At his Hereford ranch eighty miles northeast of Calgary Dick Cosgrave, the burly white-haired arena director, pores over bucking-bronco performance

records of 1954. Cosgrave is a sort of ringmaster. During the Week he directs bucking, roping and chuck-wagon events. During the year he takes rodeo entries and gathers rodeo livestock.

Each bronco has a name like Parachute, Lousy Louie, Mouse Trap or Sheep Herder. Judges compute the horse's bucking performance in percentage points on a tally sheet. After studying the tally, Cosgrave earmarks good horses for future use. Some he will rent during the 1955 Week at fifty to a hundred dollars each.

"Others the Stampede buys outright at up to three hundred and fifty dollars apiece," Cosgrave says. "That way we keep a nucleus of top-flight broncs."

"Broncos Are Like Women"

Through the year he writes or travels around the west scouting more horses—the Stampede needs three hundred and fifty, plus eighty cows, eighty calves and sixty wild steers. The show also uses about fifty humpbacked Texas-born Brahma bulls. Some the Stampede owns already; some are leased from movie star Gene Autry's traveling wild-west show.

Choosing broncos is Cosgrave's hardest task. To make it easier, he tests unknown horses with the "dummy"—a heavy wooden saddle that approximates the weight of a rider. Fitted with the dummy a bronco is released from a chute, bucking as though he were carrying a live cargo, while Cosgrave studies his performance.

"But broncs are like women," Cosgrave says. "A fella can never quite figure them out. There's no sure way

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This is the 8-year-old whisky that will reach the lips of connoisseurs in many nations. A new name to you now, its pedigree destined it to become a significant contribution to gracious living throughout the world.

The Whisky with a Pedigree

Quality is an elusive thing... difficult to achieve and, strangely, often difficult to recognize. The once simple search for quality now carries with it a demand for proof of that quality.

In a whisky, quality comes from a variety of ingredients. But the basic, most vital ingredient of all is not a product of man—nor even a product of man's scientific knowledge or skill. It is age... and there is nothing man can do to lessen the minutes in an hour or the days in a year.

The men of Canadian Schenley Ltd.

have never disputed the importance of age. They have embraced it... invited age into Canada's most modern distillery... surrounded it with the finest of materials, equipment and processes... allowed it to do its work in small, charred, white oak casks year after year. They have never tampered with nature's own secret ageing process—and never will.

The result... the glorious and crowning achievement is here... in Canadian Schenley O.F.C. Elusive quality has been captured in every bottle... and conclusive proof of that quality is there on every bottle for the world to see.

of knowing what'll make a good bronc."

Some of the best Stampede bucking horses were formerly docile animals that have become unmanageable for various reasons—perhaps a bad fright or a tangle with a barbed-wire fence. Calgary Stampede, a recent bucking favorite, began his career peacefully hauling a water wagon. Famous buckers called Fox, Old Coyote and Steamboat were also tame horses gone bad. A black gelding named Midnight, sometimes called the greatest bucking horse in Stampede history, was a school-teacher's saddle pony as a three-year-old. Within a year he turned mean and his owner, Jim McNabb, a southern Alberta rancher, entered him in the 1924 Stampede. Midnight bucked off all comers, was sold to a horse dealer for five hundred dollars, began a tour of the Canadian and U. S. circuits and made life miserable for rodeo riders throughout most of the 1920s.

Cosgrave also finds time to visit rodeos in San Francisco, Denver, Cheyenne, Wyo., and Billings, Mont. Here he gathers fresh ideas in rodeo technique, lines up several acts to entertain spectators between the Stampede's afternoon riding events and reminds everyone he meets about the 1955 show. Rodeo riders need little reminder. The Stampede and Cosgrave—who is the only man ever to win ten Stampede chuck-wagon championships—are known among riders throughout North America.

Meanwhile, in September at a Toronto convention of Canadian mayors, tireless Don Mackay, still wearing his white hat, talks to everybody and in-



In 1886 the pioneers set the ball rolling. The first Stampede erupted in 1912.

vites all delegates to the Stampede.

By midwinter many Calgary mothers are sewing matching cowboy shirts or skirts for themselves, their husbands, sons and daughters. In a west-end bungalow a housewife entertaining eastern friends is faced with an awkward silence. She bridges it with Calgary's favorite conversational gambit, "Have you ever seen our Stampede?"

In a city Sunday school a teacher asks her class:

"What do you think would happen if God came to Calgary?"

A small boy replies seriously, "The mayor would give Him a white hat."

By early January most of the twenty-five hundred rooms in the city's twenty-nine hotels are booked, but reservations still pour in. The tourist bureau receives a letter from a man in Paris, France, enquiring about *cette fête*, the Stampede. Mail-order ticket sales begin; the first tickets go to customers who placed their orders in May, 1954.

In Texas on holidays, Mayor Mackay beats the tall-talking Texans at their own game. At the Houston Petroleum Club he delivers a flowery speech on Alberta, Calgary and the Stampede.

By spring the two hundred and twelve Stampede directors and associate directors, all leading citizens of the city or district, are closeted in twenty-five different committee meetings.

The Indian committee under hardware-store proprietor Thomas Hall asks the government agent on the Sarcee, Blackfoot and Stony reservations for thirty tipis and about four hundred Indians. The agents and tribal chiefs decide who'll go. This is merely the climax of a season's work for Hall.

"Hardly a week goes by that I don't talk over Stampede ideas with Indians from one of the tribes," he says. "Quite often, they come to ask for more money."

The street-activities committee under oilman Clifton Cross studies applications from cowboy musicians who all seem to be named Smilin' Slim or Singin' Johnnie and who come from ranches as far east as Yonge Street, Toronto. Cross' committee also hunts up skilful male square dancers around town, mostly businessmen who perform free of charge. Each morning these experts in cowboy attire will mingle with the street crowds, swing shy girls into the square dances and send ecstatic tourists home thinking every Calgary man is an Arthur Murray in high-heeled boots.

The parade committee under Jack Grogan, another oil executive, reviews last year's opening-day parade: six people fainted in the ninety-degree heat, an ambulance parked across the route and the parade bogged down. Grogan tries to devise a system of moving casualties without slowing this year's show.

Now the Stampede fervor spreads far beyond Calgary. In Banff sculptor Charlie Beil, a former cowboy, casts eight bronze trophies of cowboys, cows, horses and chuck wagons. Beil's work

BUT A PEDIGREE SO OLD...AND A QUALITY SO SUPERB...

proudly offers

8-YEAR-OLD CANADIAN WHISKY ON THE MARKET



A numbered, signed certificate like this appears on every bottle of Canadian Schenley O.F.C. It gives you the whisky's pedigree... the story of its ancestry, its arrival at maturity, its blending and bottling date.

How to turn a damp basement into play space



BEFORE: Even starting with a damp, unattractive basement like this...



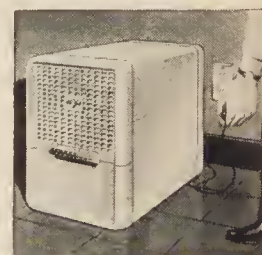
AFTER: Here's what imagination and surprisingly few dollars can do!

Wasted basement space can be made into your family's favorite fun spot. But don't let moisture warp and mildew furniture... cause rust, musty odors and paint to peel. Banish dampness first with a Frigidaire Electric Dehumidifier (plugs in... no installation costs). One unit will stop moisture damage in any closed area up to 10,000 cu. ft.! It's portable, can be easily moved from one location to another.

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To speedily relieve painful corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots, burning on bottom of feet—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. You cut this soothing, cushioning, flesh color, superior moleskin to any size or shape and apply. At Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10¢ stores.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



Florence went to the Crimea. Her ardent John came to Canada.

Florence Nightingale's Gift to the Crees

BECAUSE of a frustrated romance a century ago the little church of St. John the Evangelist at Elora, Ont., boasts a prized communion set, Canada gained a missionary, and a noble profession was born.

In Derbyshire, England, in 1836 a lifelong love affair began between John Smithurst and his first cousin, Florence Nightingale. Their parents opposed the match on account of the blood relationship. After trying vainly for a year to persuade them to relent, the heartbroken John asked his sweetheart what he should do. She suggested they postpone wedding plans and that he consider going to Canada as missionary to the Indians.

John accepted the challenge. Two years later, after being ordained by the Bishop of London, he came to Canada as chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg. But when he learned the Indians had built a crude hut for him in their village nearby he asked the governor to release him from chaplain's duties so he could become a missionary to the natives.

John tended to the physical as well as the spiritual needs of the Indians. He helped them freeze and store large quantities of buffalo meat and encouraged them to grow grain and potatoes. He compiled an English-Cree dictionary and spent the long winter

evenings teaching them the language of the white man.

And all the while he was inspired by the girl he left at home—a girl who preferred visiting hospitals to leading the social life of young women of her station.

After twelve years in Canada John returned to England in hopes of marrying his beloved. But her parents still refused their consent and in less than a year he came back to Canada without her.

This time John was appointed rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist at Elora, Ont. When he was settled he wrote his cousin telling her of his new charge and begging her to join him as his wife.

Florence replied by sending John a silver communion set for his church. Soon afterward she offered her services in caring for the wounded of the Crimean War, and dedicated her life to founding the nursing profession.

The communion set was in use at the Elora church until 1946. Now it is behind shatterproof glass in a steel vault at the front of the church. Above it, painted in muted colors, is an image of the Lady of the Lamp. An inscription tells the story of the two lovers, who, denied happiness together, gave it to others—she by ministering to their bodies, he by ministering to their souls.—BETH PETERAN

has been praised by everyone from King George VI to Will Rogers and Stampede rodeo winners prize these awards.

In ranches across Alberta and Saskatchewan chuck-wagon owners are overhauling their rigs. On the flat grassland near Vulcan, seventy miles south of Calgary, Hank Willard sends his team and wagon whirling around a practice run. Willard, a barrel-chested cowboy with strong hands and strong nerves, has won the last four chuck-wagon championships. Like most competitors he drives only thoroughbred horses. One of last year's was Roll Along, a granddaughter of Man o' War; one of this year's is Sea Ace, a son of Seabiscuit. Like its rivals, the Willard outfit practices at home and races in minor rodeos all spring to tune up for Calgary's \$13,250 total purse. By winning first money each day, plus the final grand prize, a single outfit can earn about twenty-five hundred dollars.

By June Calgary radio stations are peppering their listeners with cowboy ballads, including a couple about the Stampede. The daily Herald and Albertan cancel their staff holidays for the week of July 11. In the Palliser Hotel workmen tighten all the screen windows, a Stampede emergency measure to keep excited guests from tumbling out on the opening-day parade. Assistant manager Norman Inge hires a cowboy band to play range-land ditties in the main dining room all week. The kitchen staff hunts up its recipe for buffalo stew, a Stampede specialty.

Like most other hotels, the Palliser is by now sold out for the Week. But in his first-floor office, manager Dyell wearily attempts to fill requests from cabinet ministers, company presidents and vice-presidents who frequently call for rooms at the last minute. Perhaps, Dyell muses, extra space will appear by some miracle as it did the time a U. S. oilman, his wife and two children voluntarily gave up their Palliser suite for the Week.

"Looks like you'll need more space so you jus' give our suite to somebody," the wife told Dyell in a delicious southern drawl. "We'll move into a single room. 'Course we *would* like the suite back when the Week's ovah . . ." Needless to say, they got it back.

Of course the cabinet ministers and others can always find a bed in Calgary. At this point, thousands of other Calgarians get into the act. Normally they are no more or less friendly than any other city dwellers but in Stampede Week the old-time range-land spirit captures everybody. Last year, through the Stampede accommodation bureau, private citizens offered beds for twenty-five hundred visitors. Twenty-three hundred took advantage of the offer. The bureau boasts that no one is ever turned away.

Visitors sometimes find less trouble in getting a room than in paying for it. A Minneapolis family after spending a week in a Calgary home, offered money. The Calgarians pushed it away. Finally the Americans bought a hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of household knickknacks, had them delivered to their hosts and hastily left town before the Calgarians could argue.

Another U. S. couple repaid their Calgary hosts by inviting them to California for Christmas. Next year the Calgarians invited them back for the Stampede. Then the Californians invited them back for Christmas. It's been going on like that ever since.

Of course most householders charge rent—perhaps four to seven dollars a day, depending on the accommodation offered, although there is no fixed rental scale. The bureau investigates

charges of profiteering and, if the complaints are justified, takes the householder off its list. But apparently most Calgarians play fair. The bureau solicits tourist comments and of three hundred received last year only ten were critical.

By early July all these separate activities have fitted together. The events are planned to run off like clockwork, the entire province is infected with Stampede excitement, there is sleeping space for a multitude and a wild-west atmosphere has materialized from thin air. The Stampede will proceed as smoothly as a Broadway musical yet will seem to happen by accident.

On July 11 the stage is set with "Howdy Stranger" and "Welcome Pardon" signs on lamp posts, bellhops in string neckties, elevator girls in gay kerchiefs and log mangers full of hay along the sidewalks. It is probably a hot dry day, for the weather usually co-operates.

Calgary is touchy about this so-called "Stampede luck." In 1950 when rain fell heavily during the Week, the Stony Indians and Stampede board had a minor squabble concerning free admission of Indians to the grounds. Some Calgarians promptly claimed the Stonys had prayed for rain out of spite. The rumor persisted all summer. Finally Stony councilor Tom Kaquitts assured everybody that the Stonys couldn't make rain and it wouldn't rain on Calgary if they could.

Cattle Kings Put Up Money

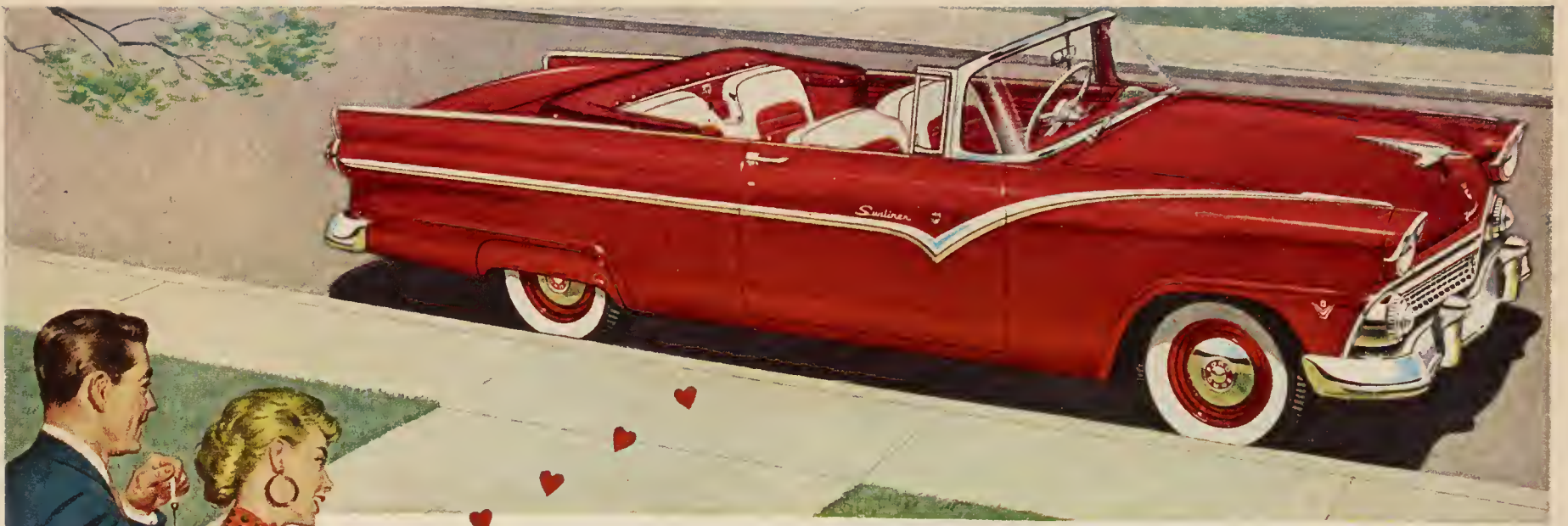
This year all is forgiven. The Stonys are in the three-mile parade with the Blackfeet, Sarcees, Mounties, real cowboys, drugstore cowboys, covered wagons, stagecoaches and twenty to thirty bands. The William Herron family is on hand, too, typifying the private Calgarians' part in the act. Herron, who is president of an oil company, his wife Madeline and his two sons all ride in the fancy-costume section. Their home-decorated saddles are lavish affairs of tooled leather, beaten silver, synthetic rubies and inlaid gold. Their costumes, which Madeline Herron beads and embroiders for months, are matching gabardine.

In the old-timers' section rides sixty-nine-year-old Clem Gardner, of Pirmez Creek, one of the few surviving competitors of the first Stampede in 1912. Gardner won the best-all-round-cowboy championship that year and roped calves or drove chuck wagons until he was nearly sixty. Three years ago he was voted the man who contributed most to the Stampede in forty years.

Probably, as he rides, Gardner muses on the first Stampede: how a lanky Wyoming cowpuncher named Guy Weadick rode into Calgary vowing he'd put on the biggest rodeo ever; how he persuaded cattle kings George Lane, Pat Burns, A. E. Cross and A. J. McLean to put up a one-hundred-thousand-dollar guarantee; how Weadick held his September show with cowgirls, cowboys and two thousand Indians and grossed one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. There was another Stampede in 1919 and a third in 1923. Then it became an annual event, guided until 1940 by general manager E. L. Richardson.

Richardson has retired, Weadick and most of the others are dead but Gardner, still a working rancher, rides straight in his saddle and notes how times have changed since 1912. In those days a quart of whisky was all a cowboy needed to stage a street show. Now the parade and subsequent mornings of dances, Indian powwows and chuck-wagon breakfasts cost the Stampede around twenty thousand dollars. "We pay for it but it's worth it,"

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



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(That Thunderbird Styling!)

It's amazing how just *looking* at the '55 Ford gives so many people that wonderful feeling. Why not? There's "Thunderbird" written in almost every line . . . from the hooded headlights to the flat rear deck. Inside, you'll see exciting colour harmonies in durable fabrics. All in all, there isn't a more *pleasing* car in sight.

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Behind the wheel of the new Ford, you become a new man. For under your foot lies response so eager and alive, you almost believe it's clairvoyant! This is Ford's Trigger-Torque power . . . and it replies to your driving demands with split-second agility. There's safety in power like this . . . to help you out of traffic snarls . . . and to whisk you ahead when passing is called for. You choose from two stout-hearted, proved V-8 engines (162-Hp. and 182-Hp.) of the most advanced overhead-valve design. And there's at least a score of other new engineering features. Reading about it is nowhere near the thrill of driving the new Ford. So why not visit your Ford-Monarch Dealer today?



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Reveal the
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Clever one-oven tricks with FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!

One dough—one oven—three kinds of flavor-thrilled baking! It's easy to be a whiz when you start with Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. Risings so sure, so fast—results so light and appetizing! If you bake at home, be sure you have plenty of Fleischmann's on hand.

BASIC CHEESE DOUGH

Scald

- 1½ cups milk
- 3 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a large bowl
½ cup lukewarm water

1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with
contents of

- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active
Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes; THEN stir well.
Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Stir in

- 2½ cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth and elastic; stir in
1½ cups lightly-packed shredded old
cheese

Work in

- 2½ cups more (about) once-sifted
bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead
dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place
in a greased bowl and grease top of dough.
Cover and set dough in warm place, free from
draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk.
Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and
knead lightly until smooth. Divide into portions
and finish as follows:



1. CHEESE LOAF

Shape half a batch of dough into a loaf and
fit into a greased bread pan about 4½ by
8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise
until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately
hot oven, 375°, about 40 minutes—cover
loaf with brown paper during latter part of
baking to avoid crust becoming too brown.

2. MARMALADE BRAID

Roll out a quarter of a batch of dough into
an 8-inch square on a lightly-floured board;
loosen dough. Spread with ¼ cup marmalade
and sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped
nutmeats. Roll up jelly-roll fashion; seal
edge and ends. Roll out into an oblong 9
inches long and 3 inches wide; loosen dough.

Cut oblong into 3 lengthwise strips to
within an inch of one end. Braid strips, seal
the ends and tuck them under braid. Place
on greased cookie sheet. Grease top. Cover
and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a
moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20
minutes.

3. CHEESE BREAD STICKS

Cut a quarter of a batch of dough into 12
equal-sized pieces and roll, one at a time, into
slim strips about 7 inches long. Brush strips
with water and roll lightly in cornmeal. Place,
well apart, on greased cookie sheet. Cover
and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake
in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about
10 minutes.

"For one week strangers can flirt with pretty cowgirls in comparative safety"

says assistant manager Ross. "We get
that easygoing western atmosphere and
that's what makes the Stampede. If a
stranger talked to a girl on the street
any other week she'd call a cop but this
week it's all right."

So, after the parade, while cowboy
fiddlers play in hotels, clubs and res-
taurants, strangers flirt with pretty
cowgirls in comparative safety. By one
p.m. the mobs move down the nine
blocks from city centre to the grounds.
Some, with portable radios and binocu-
lars, watch the show from Scotsman's
Hill, east of the grounds. The paying
customers file through the gates, past
the midway barkers, past home-cook-
ing exhibits and prize livestock, past
the RCMP hut where men in red
tunics pose uncomfortably for pictures
beside a decrepit stuffed buffalo, past
the Indian village where shy grubby
children peer through tent flaps, and
into the grandstand to watch four
hours of riding, roping and horse rac-
ing.

Here seventy-year-old Josh Hen-
thorn, a Stampede regular since 1912,
operates the public-address system with
lost-children announcements and
his perennial Stampede joke: "Will
Mr. (here Henthorn names some prom-
inent citizen) please report to the check-
room? His suitcase is leaking."

In the centre-field area Dick Cos-
grave in silk shirt and gabardine
breeches sits in a two-thousand-dollar
silver-decorated saddle aboard a pedi-
greed palomino named Golden Maxim.
The palomino trots and wheels effort-
lessly as Cosgrave hustles the show

along. Golden Maxim is a professional,
too; apart from occasional light ranch
jobs to keep him in trim through the
year, this Stampede appearance is his
only work.

The Stampede matinee idols lounge
around the chutes—lean hard cowboys
from Alberta, Saskatchewan, British
Columbia, Texas, Idaho, Montana,
New Mexico and half a dozen other
states. Last year a contestant came
from Scotland. There's slender Marty
Wood, of Bowness, Alta., who at
twenty-two is saddle-bronc champion;
dusky Francis Many Wounds, a Sarcee
and the champion steer decorator; big
square-jawed Cliff Vandergrift, of Tur-
ner Valley, the calf-roping champion.
In the grandstand, girls sigh at the
sight of Casey Tibbs, a South Dakota
cowboy with curly hair, a tooth-paste-
ad smile and lithe skill in the saddle
that has already won three Stampede
bronco-riding championships.

Romantic as they are in their spurs
and rakish hats, the five hundred cow-
boys are essentially businessmen. By
following the U. S. and Canadian rodeo
circuit from January to November,
many of them gross twenty thousand
dollars each a year; a few earn up to
fifty thousand dollars. With this much
at stake, few of them paint the town red
during a working week. Most gather
for a beer after a day's show but some
rodeo riders don't drink at all. On
Saturday, the traditional party night,
most of them hurry away to the next
rodeo.

In the afternoon as they wait their
turn for rides, a few throw dice behind

the chutes, some toss a lasso at an overturned bucket to limber their arms but most perch on corral rails studying each bronco's tricks and motions. A top rider knows every horse by heart. Maybe he depends a bit on superstition, too. Hardly any cowboy will change a lucky shirt.

After all, he can't afford to overlook a trick in his bid for some of the forty thousand dollars prize money, bronze trophies, gold and silver belt buckles, hand-tooled saddles, hats, clothing, watches, electric washers and silver cigarette cases.

For entry fees of five to fifty dollars he can try his luck in the saddle-bronc ride, bareback ride, Brahma bull ride, calf roping, wild cow milking, wild steer decorating (vaulting from a running horse to hang a ribbon on the steer's horn) or wild horse race (with two helpers, roping, saddling and riding a wild horse out of the arena). Fees are highest for popular events like calf roping, to keep the number of entries within reasonable limits.

The fee also entitles the cowboy to broken arms, ribs and fingers, dislocated shoulders, rope burns or perhaps a concussion. At the 1951 Stampede there were five broken legs in a day. Years of spine-jarring rides may make a cowboy punchdrunk like a boxer. Occasionally injuries are fatal.

A few years ago lanky Gordon Earl, a twenty-nine-year-old Newgate, B.C., rancher, was kicked in the head as he fell from a bronc at a Saskatchewan rodeo. Last year, riding with a silver plate in his skull, Earl won the highest Stampede honor—best-all-round-cowboy championship.

You Can't Carry a Horse

In 1932 Leo Ferris, twice the best-all-round cowboy, was gored in the eye while riding a steer. He finished the ride, a doctor removed the eye and a day or two later Ferris was back demanding more rides.

In Ferris' day a cowboy paid his own hospital bills. Now most riders pay annual dues of fifteen dollars to the Cowboys' Protective Association, a rodeo performers' organization that covers most medical expenses, guarantees a minimum purse, makes rodeo arenas conform to proper standards, forbids cruelty to livestock and even makes a cowpoke pay the damage if he kicks in a plate-glass window or runs amok in a bar. Although similar in function to a union, the CPA is an independent body, chartered under an Alberta societies' act and affiliated only with a similar cowboy association in the United States.

CPA protection plus the cowhand's natural sense of humor does much to offset the tension of rodeo competition. There's always a joke around the arena, like the time an ornery bronc named Blazer lay down in the chute with Jerry Ambler of Oregon on his back. A Stampede official, unaware of the sit-down strike, shouted impatiently, "Come on, get going."

"Take it easy," yelled Ambler from the depths of the chute. "I ain't sup-

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SOMETIMES it's hard to choose between one good product and another. Especially if it's a roof.

Good industrial roofs often look alike. They're made of similar materials and they're applied in much the same way. But as with every product, there's a *best* roof—one that sets the standard for the rest.

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The men and women who work at Barrett are interested in their jobs and in the service they can give. They work for Barrett because they like what they are doing.

This human factor makes a difference in the finished product. It's why we say people count. It's why more and more Canadians are deciding that Barrett are good people to do business with.



Eaton's new Service Building, near Toronto, will hold merchandise brought from all over the world. Ken Rose, Superintendent for Redfern Construction, is shown here (left) discussing the 23-acre roof with Barrett's special representative John Lyons. John's wide roofing experience came in handy, he arranged for "hot-pitch delivery", for greater speed and economy on such a large job.



Ton after ton of roofing material were required for the gigantic warehouse. So scheduling of shipments was an important part of the job. Luckily, Barrett's warehouse supervisor John Adamson had handled such big jobs before, was able to keep orders rolling smoothly.



Technical assistance on a big job comes in handy. Bert Geary, Barrett supervisor, stays close by for the T. Eaton Co. project, and provides additional technical answers for the many questions that come up on a job of this size.

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*by SCHWARZKOPF OF VIENNA

NEW! Also in "Cushionettes". Pierce corner with pin. Squeeze out a few drops for first application—a few for the second. Seals itself and can be kept for your next shampoo. Each: 25¢

Silhouette OIL-EGG Shampoo

"I HAD TO TRAVEL ALL OVER THE WORLD TO DISCOVER WE MAKE AN EXCELLENT SHERRY RIGHT HERE ... CANADIAN "74" SHERRY!"

"AND WAIT 'TILL YOU TASTE CANADIAN "74" PORT WITH CHEESE AND CRACKERS... YOU'LL OPEN YOUR OTHER EYE!"



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fine
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SINCE 1874

... A TRULY FINE WINE

For your free colourful copy of "THE STORY OF PRESIDENT CHAMPAGNE" write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Quebec.

posed to carry him out of here."

At five p.m. each day the bucking events end. A bevy of girls sprint for Casey Tibbs' autograph. Other cowpokes haul their aching bones to their trailer, hotel room or the nearest bar. The tourists, who are swaggering like Wild Bill Hickok and trying to roll cigarettes with one hand, drop in for a dinner-hour square dance at the Palliser or grab a quick snack at coffee bars called the Chuck Wagon, the Corral or the Wagon Wheel.

Within an hour twenty-five thousand of them, including the rodeo riders, are back to watch and place surreptitious side bets on the evening's eight chuckwagon heats. This is considered by far the most thrilling Stampede event and all over the west home-town fans are tuned in to the broadcast, cheering for the local wagon team.

The wagon race originated by accident in 1919.

"I remember it like it was yesterday," says Dick Cosgrave. "It was Pat Burns' birthday and they brought two chuck wagons off the range, set 'em up in front of the grandstand and served free buffalo sandwiches to the crowd. Well, afterward the two cooks wheeled their teams around and started to race off the field. One big team of Clydesdales got all tangled up and that was the end of the race. But the crowd got such a kick out of it we've had it ever since."

Nowadays four wagons, each drawn by four thoroughbreds and accompanied by four outriders on fast ponies, line up before the grandstand. At a signal, each outfit "breaks camp": the riders toss a stove and tent poles in the wagon, then leap for their saddles; the wagon cuts a crazy figure eight around two barrels, the high-strung thoroughbreds lean into the harness and the rigs career around the half mile, hubcap to hubcap.

Every night there are spectacular, sometimes tragic crashes. Frequently valuable horses are injured and must be destroyed. So far, the drivers have always crawled from the wreckage alive. One year a driver bounced from his own wagon to the canvas top of another, where he finished out the race. Another time a wagon crossed the finish line minus its two hind wheels. It pays to bring the outfit in, even in last place, because in addition to nightly prizes there is extra money and a championship trophy for the best average time of the week. This usually hangs in doubt until Saturday night, the wildest race night of all. After that, although there's a grandstand show and a presentation of prizes, the range-land Mardi Gras is really over.

Then the Indians fold their teepees, the rodeo riders catch their trains, the "Welcome" signs come off main street and the drugstore cowboys climb back into business suits and fedoras. Calgary is left with the empty wistful feeling that goes with the end of all good acts.

But only for five minutes. The Calgary Stampede never really ends. In the office Dick Cosgrave gathers up the week's bucking-bronco tally sheets. Stampede manager Hartnett arranges a staff meeting for the following week. At home Mayor Mackay removes his ten-gallon hat—but only for the night. In the Palliser a clerk tells manager Dyell, "Ninety-three reservations for next Stampede Week."

And as the last straggler limps through the stockade gates in his high-heeled boots, an overhead sign catches his eye:

CALGARY EXHIBITION AND
STAMPEDE

July 9-14 1956

The Prairies' Political Preachers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

natural enemies. By the end of World War I these farmers' organizations were ready to enter politics directly instead of trying to exert pressure from within the old parties. The Progressive Party was born, and captured sixty-five seats in the prairies and rural Ontario in the federal election of 1921.

But in Saskatchewan, Premier W. M. Martin was shrewd enough to act while the farmers' organization was still debating whether or not to enter provincial politics. Martin proclaimed himself neutral between the Liberals and Progressives in the federal field; he took the president of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers Association into his cabinet, then called a snap election in which he lost some seats but stayed in power. By the time of the next election the Progressive party's glory had already departed, and the collapse of the Liberal party in Saskatchewan was deferred for two more decades. Even the Conservatives had one brief term in office, 1929-34.

In Alberta, even though the 1921 election was only a month later than in Saskatchewan, the United Farmers were in the field betimes. They won two thirds of all seats in the legislature and gave the Liberal party a drubbing from which it has not recovered to this day. The Conservatives' fate was even worse—some of them joined with the United Farmers "to beat the Grits," and thus started a tradition that still bedevils them in all the western provinces.

Bypassing the Middleman

The United Farmers of Alberta reigned for fourteen years. They were agrarian radicals, led and inspired by Henry Wise Wood, the founder and philosopher of the Progressive movement in Alberta. They believed with him in "group government" whereby all classes would organize for mutual co-operation. They set up co-operatives that would, they hoped, bypass "the middleman" and give the farmer a better return for his production.

In short the UFA had an approach to the farmer's problem that was radical but rational. Like all political movements it grew more conservative in office than it had been in opposition, but so long as prosperity lasted it did very well, and satisfied the farmers whose delegates the ministers and MLAs felt themselves to be.

But the UFA had no cure for the Great Depression, any more than the old parties had, and Alberta was harder hit by depression than any other province except Saskatchewan. Cities and towns faced bankruptcy, thousands of farmers were ruined and thousands more expected to be.

As a last straw the United Farmers Government was smitten by the gamiest scandal in Canadian political history. In 1934 Premier J. E. Brownlee was sued for damages by his young and pretty confidential secretary, who accused him of seducing her. After a sensational trial she lost her case in the Alberta court, later won it in appeal, and meanwhile permanently blasted the political career of the UFA premier. To make matters worse one of his cabinet ministers, Hon. O. L. McPherson, was involved in a divorce case at about the same time which further deepened the UFA's embarrassment.

This alone might have toppled the UFA Government, but in 1935 it was

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Increasingly familiar sight on Canadian roads . . . a happy family in a Prefect, one of Ford's new British-built cars.

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YOU'LL BE SURPRISED how much luggage you can get into the trunk of Ford's British-built Prefect. That's because it's not only a roomy trunk (a full 10 cu. ft.!) but it's all *usable* space . . . ample for four people's needs.

A growing number of Canadians are having second thoughts about the kind of car they'll buy these days. And Ford's new British-built Prefect can justifiably claim to be one of the major reasons why.

You see, owners report that the Prefect can take you up to 40 miles on a gallon of gas. That it saves money on oil, tires, maintenance, too. And good news like that soon gets around. But economy alone is far from its only good point . . . for, when you settle yourself behind the wheel of the Prefect and start *driving*—you quickly get the feeling that this is a much larger car. You'll find that it rides smoothly, and handles in a way best described as "with that big-car feel". Yet its steering is light and easy, making it a pleasure to drive in traffic (and a time-saver when you come to park!)

As to *roominess*, the Prefect is a genuine *four-seater* . . . with deep-sprung seats cushioned with foam rubber. And the front seats are *contoured*, to give your body support exactly where it's needed, which makes for restful long distance driving. Another Prefect feature that will catch the fancy of the ladies, is the deep parcel tray that runs the full width of the car, under the control panel.

Of course, there are other Ford British-built cars. And the range runs from the Anglia (a two-door sister car to the Prefect) right up to the larger Consul and Zephyr models. Also available are Consul and Zephyr convertibles with the unique three-position top. For, with these convertibles, not only can you have the snug top fully up . . . or fully down . . . but you can also have the distinguished Landau or half-way position, for Spring and Fall driving.

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Coral—one of the many beautiful colors of Silicone-Sealed Asbestos Siding. Also available in white.



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From his pulpit in Calgary, the Premier preaches to two millions most Sundays

hardly needed. By 1935 Albertans had cause to feel that the rational radicalism of Henry Wise Wood and his movement had failed. They harkened to a different voice, one with all the eloquence and divine self-assurance of an Old Testament prophet.

William Aberhart was a school-teacher by profession, a preacher by avocation. Like some other great spellbinders of the Thirties he was among the first to discover the impact of radio, and to develop its techniques to the full. By the middle 1920s he had built up a huge audience for his weekly broadcasts from the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute. One of the tens of thousands who listened to him was a Saskatchewan farm boy named Ernest Manning.

Manning was then seventeen, a quiet, studious, thoughtful boy going to high school and helping his father on the farm near Carnduff, Sask., where his parents had settled when they came from England. He had saved up his money to buy a radio set and he gave it to himself for a Christmas present that year—he and his brother spent Christmas afternoon putting up an aerial on their father's roof.

"A Trumpet From the Grave"

One of the first programs he heard, and the one that made by far the deepest impression, was Aberhart's fundamentalist, "back - to - the - Bible" sermon from Calgary. Before long young Manning reached one of the great decisions of his life. In 1926, when he was eighteen, he left the family farm with his father's blessing, went to Calgary and enrolled as a student under Aberhart at the Prophetic Bible Institute. He became its first graduate and Aberhart's leading disciple. In a sense, that's what he has been ever since.

At first he was solely a preacher and Bible lecturer at the institute—where, incidentally, he married the organist, Muriel Aileen Preston. Today, as Premier of Alberta, Manning still preaches most Sundays at the Prophetic Bible Institute, with a radio audience that has been estimated as high as two millions. His voice in these sermons is said to be so much like Aberhart's that to some older people it seems like a trumpet from beyond the grave, though in private conversation Manning speaks very quietly. He has said repeatedly that he regards preaching as his true vocation, and that if he had to choose he would drop politics without hesitation. But he has never felt the two to be incompatible—quite the contrary. To Manning as to Aberhart before him Social Credit has always been a kind of secular gospel, a way of advancing toward the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, though Manning has long been reconciled to the realization that its fulfillment is yet afar off.

Aberhart and Manning first met the doctrine of Social Credit in the summer of 1932. It was not then new in Alberta. Many seekers after economic truth had run across and been impressed by the writings of Major C. H. Douglas, the English engineer who is the father of Social Credit. One of these was William Irvine, who has been a stalwart of the CCF ever since it was founded.

But in Aberhart the Social Credit philosophy found a convert equipped to be an apostle, at a moment when a dismayed and bewildered people were ripe to listen. Aberhart made Social

Credit part of his message to the faithful, and gave it some of the moral sanction and emotional force of his evangelical preaching.

Actually it fitted in very well. Major Douglas' root-and-branch denunciations of the existing economic order might have come right out of the Book of Jonah. Social Credit's cure for these evils brought the sweet hy-and-by here and now. Aberhart's fundamentalist audience lapped it up.

He didn't at first intend to found a new political party. First he tried to persuade the United Farmers Government to adopt Social Credit, and apparently he made some impression. In 1934 the UFA held a formal enquiry to which Major Douglas was brought as an expert witness, and he was questioned at great length. But it was soon apparent that the UFA was sceptical of Douglas' theories, if not actually hostile to them. Aberhart prepared to launch his own political "movement"—he insisted it was not a party, and Social Crediters still so insist, but it did and does behave uncommonly like one.

It does well at the game, too. In the 1935 election in Alberta, Aberhart and his followers swept the province. The United Farmers didn't win a single seat. Five Liberals were returned and two Conservatives; the other fifty-six legislature seats all went to Social Credit.

Ernest Manning was then only twenty-seven, which for a politician is mere infancy. But Aberhart took him into the cabinet immediately as provincial secretary. So long as Aberhart lived Manning remained an obscure figure to the outside world—Aberhart completely filled the public stage, tilting at the banks and the Press, ruling his own party with an iron hand, appearing to his followers as a divinely inspired prophet and to his enemies as a charlatan with the skill of the devil. But in the inner councils of Social Credit Manning became a highly respected figure.

When Aberhart died in 1943 it took the Social Credit caucus only ten minutes to choose Manning as his successor. The only rival in sight was Solon Low, who as provincial treasurer had shared with Manning the position of Aberhart's lieutenant. Low was named national leader of the party and shunted off into the federal field—a promotion widely interpreted at the time as a kick upstairs, since the national leader is a mere MP leading a splinter group in the southeast corner of the House of Commons, whereas the provincial leader became automatically premier of Alberta.

It was a good moment for the change. With the vast majority of Albertans who were not dedicated Social Crediters but mere ordinary voters Aberhart had been losing ground steadily almost ever since his first election. He was an autocrat who paid little attention to his own MLAs and none to the Opposition. In line with the theory of Social Credit he had told the electors at the outset that they must trust him to find the "methods" of bringing the Social Credit paradise to earth, but if he failed they could recall him. One of his government's first acts was to pass a bill providing machinery for recall of elected members. But when a petition for Aberhart's own recall was circulated in 1937 Aberhart had the act repealed. When his government came up for re-election in 1940 the old parties were

so disorganized and self-distrusting that they ran most of their candidates under the label "independent," but even at that they won twenty-two seats and reduced Social Credit to thirty-five.

"If Aberhart had lived another two years, Social Credit would have been defeated," a veteran parliamentarian in Edmonton told me recently.

Manning gave Social Credit a new lease of life. He was as different from Aberhart as a devoted disciple could well be—quiet as Aberhart had been flamboyant, courteous as Aberhart had been arrogant, and seemingly conservative as Aberhart had been radical.

Federal disallowances and Supreme Court decisions had already made it plain that Social Credit could not be put into practice by a provincial government. The famous promise of twenty-five dollars a month in "social dividends" had depended on control of the banks, and Aberhart's legislation to license the banks in Alberta had thoughtfully forbidden the victims to attack his law in the courts. Fortunately or unfortunately for Aberhart, the federal government disallowed this and all similar Social Credit legislation. Other measures such as the notorious Alberta Press Act, which would have compelled newspapers to publish in full the provincial government's rejoinder to any reports they disliked, were declared by the Supreme Court to be beyond the powers of a provincial legislature.

Evidently the monetary doctrines of Social Credit would have to await the party's triumph in the federal field. Manning concentrated public attention on his government's record for plain ordinary competence, and especially on its helief in free enterprise as contrasted with the socialist doctrines of the CCF.

Socred's Smashing Victory

To businessmen in 1943 and 1944 this had a reassuring sound. The CCF in 1935 had appeared as an empty threat, compared to the triumphant and thundering Social Credit party in Alberta. But it had grown in strength before and during the war, and unlike Social Credit it had not yet subjected its radical doctrines to the moderating influence of office. In 1943 the Gallup Poll showed the CCF strength among electors to be almost equal that of the old parties. The CCF came within a few seats of winning the 1943 provincial election in Ontario, and did win the 1944 provincial election in Saskatchewan.

Thus the old parties were thrown on the defensive even in their strongholds in eastern and central Canada, and in Alberta they hadn't been strong for a quarter of a century. The conservatives of the business world swung their support to the moderate Ernest Manning, and Social Credit won all but five of the civilian seats (three were reserved for the armed services and one for veterans).

This smashing victory for Social Credit in Alberta, which left the CCF there with only the one seat it had held for several years, came only two months after an election in the neighbouring province of Saskatchewan where results were very different. There it was the CCF that won all but five civilian seats. The Liberals, who with one brief interval had ruled Saskatchewan ever since it became a province, were reduced to a ragged and disheartened remnant. The man who led the CCF's triumphant onslaught was the other political preacher of the prairies, Tommy Douglas.

Douglas is not only unlike his earnest colleague Ernest Manning, he

is strikingly unlike most Baptist ministers of all political persuasions. Douglas is famous for his irreverent wit and his endless fund of funny stories. The anecdotes as he tells them are always relevant to the political point he is making, but they are often distinctly unclerical in tone.

Once, at a campaign meeting also attended by CCF national leader M. J. Coldwell, Douglas was deriding the two old parties—they fought sham battles, he said, to conceal the fact that they really represented the same "big interests."

"They remind me of a story about Noah's ark," Douglas went on. "You know when the ark set out nobody knew how long the voyage would be, and it occurred to Noah that unless they were careful, the population of the ark might grow too big for the food supply. So Noah appointed the giraffe as censor, to keep an eye on the other animals and make sure the population didn't increase."

"The giraffe took his duties very seriously, and for forty days and forty nights he never closed an eye. When the ark grounded on Mount Ararat he

was able to assure Captain Noah that the animal population was still the same—he'd seen to that, and he took his place beside Noah at the gangplank to check the animals as they came ashore. Two lions, two tigers, two sheep, two goats, but then two cats—and eight kittens.

"As the tomcat went by, he turned to sneer at the giraffe. 'Yah,' he said. 'Thought we were fighting, didn't you?'"

"Exactly like the two old parties," Tommy Douglas concluded. M. J. Coldwell, an eminently respectable



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Anglican, said to him later: "Tommy, if you ever tell that story again when I am on the platform, I'll get up and walk off."

But political crowds love Douglas' stories, which never seem to be dragged in but always neatly illustrate his point. He is probably the most effective stump speaker in all Canada, one who can win even his enemies to a reluctant admiration.

One of his government's first acts when he became Premier of Saskatchewan in 1944 was to raise the license fee for commercial trucks in the province

from a very low figure to a range of very high ones. The truckers were furious. About a thousand of them converged on Regina for a protest meeting which they invited, or rather commanded, the Premier to attend.

"When Tommy walked out on the platform they were howling at him, hissing and booing," said a man who was there. "I honestly think that if they'd got their hands on him they'd have lynched him. But Tommy just stood there smiling until the noise quieted down and then he started to talk.

"He told them how much he sympathized with them, all the trouble they'd had trying to do business on Saskatchewan's roads, the worst in all Canada. He told them how the government was going to fix things for them, give them decent roads and a chance to do business with the same advantages as other provinces. He told them about the cheap insurance his government was going to bring in. He told them some funny stories, too.

"At the end of it they were laughing and applauding him. I drove away with a bunch of them, and halfway

home we were talking about what a great speech he'd made and what a wonderful guy he was. Then somebody interrupted to say: 'Yes, but what about the licenses that we came here to squawk about? The little son-of-a-gun never even mentioned them.'"

Underneath the flippancy and the glib eloquence, though, Douglas has the same kind of concern for humanity as drove Manning first into the church and then into politics. The two men set out on their oddly similar careers for similar reasons.

Douglas, too, is the son of British immigrants. His father was an iron molder who came to Winnipeg from Falkirk, Scotland, in 1910 when Tommy was six years old. The elder Douglas returned to Scotland when war broke out, though, vainly trying to get into the army, and young Tommy got all his elementary schooling there. When the family came back to Winnipeg in 1919 he had finished the equivalent of grade ten and was apprenticed to a printer.

He had finished his training and was a journeyman printer when he decided in 1924 to enter the ministry. He completed his high-school course; then he went on to take his BA and theology at Brandon College, his MA at McMaster University in Hamilton, and most but not all of the work required for a PhD at the University of Chicago. He didn't complete his formal education until 1933 when he was twenty-nine.

A Commotion in the Church

Meanwhile, though, he had become an ordained minister and a married man. He met his wife, Irma Dempsey, when he was a student preacher at Carberry, Man.; they were married in 1930, the year Douglas became minister of the Baptist church at Weyburn, Sask. For the first three years of his ministry he spent about half his time in his pastorate and half at university; he had no more than finished with university when he plunged into politics.

It wasn't an easy thing to do. Saskatchewan was in the depths of depression by then, and at the start of a drought cycle that did almost as much damage; it seemed a natural development for a young Baptist minister to try to do something to mend the economic breakdown that was causing such misery. But many of his parishioners thought it a scandal, and some left the church when their pastor ran for the new CCF party in the provincial election of 1934. He lost. The commotion in his church had been such that he hesitated a long time before deciding to enter the federal campaign the following year.

But he did enter, and this time he won—he and M. J. Coldwell were the only CCF candidates elected in the twenty-one Saskatchewan ridings. Since then Douglas has never been defeated at any election, provincial or federal.

At Ottawa he made a name for himself as a keen aggressive debater. J. S. Woodsworth was CCF leader with Coldwell as his chief lieutenant, but most people ranked Douglas as Number Three, and he became Number Two when Woodsworth handed over active leadership to Coldwell after war broke out.

Meanwhile in Saskatchewan the CCF had been prospering. At the provincial election of 1938 it took eleven seats, routed the new and hopeful Social Credit party and established itself as the official Opposition. In 1940 the CCF was split three ways on the war issue—one faction held to the outright pacifism of national leader J. S. Woodsworth, who opposed the war; another agreed with M. J. Coldwell and



"There's no such thing as luck," said Goldie

"SKILL WINS EVERY TIME," said Goldie as he took the game. Consider *Molson's Golden Ale*."

"You mean Molson's left nothing to chance?" suggested Goldie's opponent.

"I'll explain," said Goldie quietly. "Before the first label was put on a bottle thousands of ale drinkers were asked to describe an ideal brew. *Molson's Golden* is the perfect answer."

"Describe it!" challenged his opponent.

"Gladly," said the friendly lion, "I'd say it has a golden *brilliance*, is *lighter*, and that it flows *smoothly* over the delighted tongue."

"Tell me more!" exclaimed his fascinated friend.

"The brilliance you can see," said Goldie, "the lightness you can taste — ah, but the smooth delight is an experience! I suggest we put it to the test."

Have you discovered *Molson's Golden Ale*? You'll find it's *less filling* — "light as a feather", yet alive with all the zest and authority of a traditional brew. Like it light? Then choose Molson's Golden! Flavour conscious? Let the Molson's Golden Ale lion be your guide.



Molson's GOLDEN ALE

the majority of CCF members of parliament in supporting the war but opposing the dispatch of men overseas; a third, eventually followed by the vast majority of the party, supported all-out participation. But in spite of this internal division the CCF managed to elect five Saskatchewan MPs, including Tommy Douglas, at the 1940 federal election, and in the rural ridings of the province had a popular vote almost equal to that of the victorious Liberals. During the year after that election the CCF was the only political party to give all-out support to the farmers' fight for a higher wheat price, so that by the end of 1941 it was obvious that the CCF had an excellent chance to be the next Saskatchewan government.

This chance was increased by a change of leadership. George Williams, a veteran of the United Farmers movement who had made a lot of enemies in the Saskatchewan CCF, resigned as provincial leader to join the army. At the 1941 convention Tommy Douglas was chosen provincial leader in Williams' place. Although Douglas continued to sit as MP for Weyburn until shortly before the Saskatchewan election of 1944 (it was his livelihood, after all) and continued to play a very active role at Ottawa, his main job became the provincial affairs of Saskatchewan.

Socialism and radicalism in general are supposed to thrive in hard times, but the CCF's growth in Saskatchewan was an apparent exception to this rule. Saskatchewan in 1942 had the largest wheat crop in its history up to that date. As a result of the Wheat Pool's determined campaign, prices were considerably higher than in previous years and the farmers were well off. But one result of this new prosperity was that contributions poured into the CCF treasury; the party was able to put full-time organizers into almost every constituency, publish its own weekly newspaper, and enlist the public support of many leading citizens who had wanted no part of it when it was a struggling little party of the far left.

Partly this paradox was due to resentment against the Liberal Government's failures to deal with the Depression, and subsequent attempts to hold down the price of wheat. Partly, though, it reflected the fact that the CCF in Saskatchewan has never been an extremely radical party. S. M. Lipset of the University of California, in a penetrating study called *Agrarian Socialism*, has pointed out that the CCF leaders there are the same men who head the rural co-operatives, the school boards, the municipal organizations of all kinds—not a mere fringe group of intellectuals but the natural leaders of their community.

The natural leader of these natural leaders is Tommy Douglas. He has brought in barely enough "socialism" to annoy and alarm the merchants and some white-collar groups in the cities and towns—a provincial insurance system that is compulsory up to a point, then offers additional benefits for a low premium; publicly owned power

lines and bus routes; a tax-supported hospital scheme that gives "free" hospitalization to all and is paid for partly by direct compulsory premiums and partly from general revenue. He has also conducted a few small-scale experiments in other government enterprises such as a tannery and boot factory, a salt plant, a woolen mill.

Some of these lost money and have been abandoned, but taken as a whole Saskatchewan's crown corporations reported a total net surplus of seven million dollars in 1954. This included some enterprises such as the Sas-

katchewan telephone system which were publicly owned before the CCF came to power, but even the CCF's own "socialist" innovations have reported an accumulated net surplus of about five million dollars in the CCF's ten years of office.

Douglas' provincial treasurer, Clarence Fines, is a former school principal who has made himself a rich man by the orthodox capitalist method of shrewd investments. From the point of view of a Liberal or a Conservative Fines' prowess in the stock market is not only irreproachable but enviable.

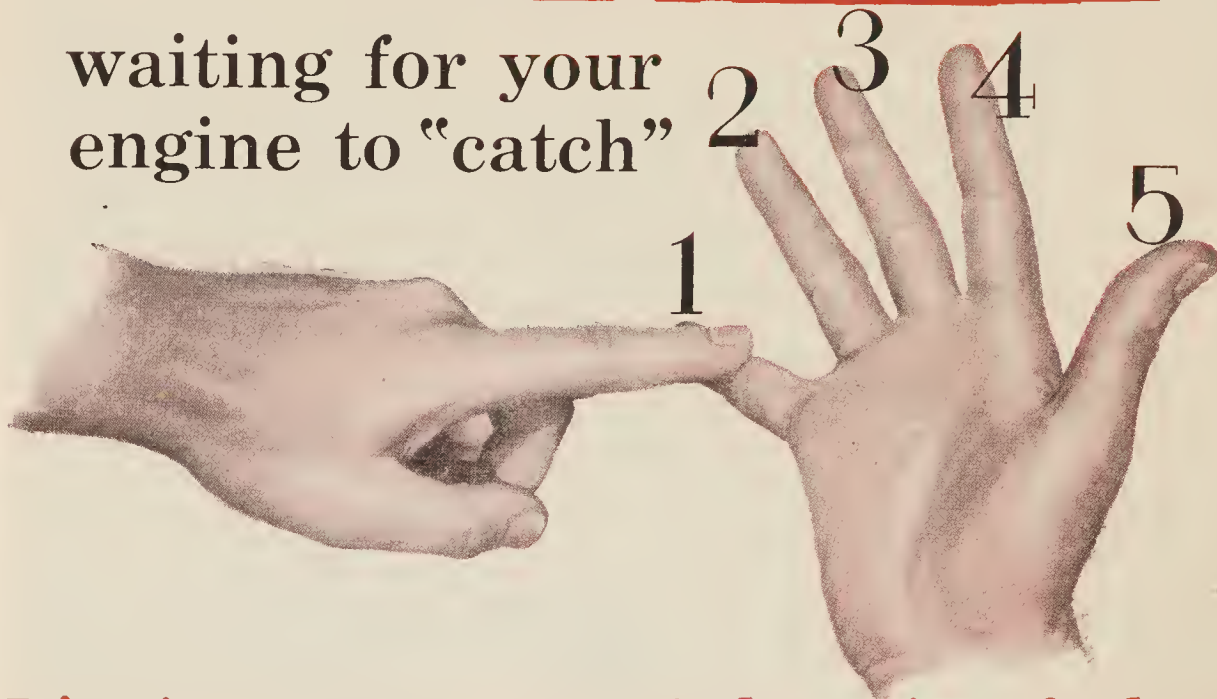
Doctrinaire socialists, however, squirm with embarrassment that a CCF cabinet minister should be thus adept in the arts and crafts of St. James Street.

Douglas himself is no investor, but he says he has no objection to private enterprise. He just thinks there are some things public enterprise can do better and more cheaply. But in its own sphere—such, for instance, as prospecting for oil—he says private enterprise is more than welcome in Saskatchewan.

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agrees, apparently. Oil investment in Saskatchewan still runs far behind Alberta's, where the oil companies are spending around three hundred millions a year. But in Saskatchewan, where investment seven years ago was virtually nil, it has now reached a cumulative total of about three hundred and fifty millions, lately at a stable rate of around seventy millions a year. Twelve hundred wells are producing about five million barrels a year—a small fraction of Alberta's output, but still a considerable item.

"We get along fine with the CCF

Government," an American oilman said. "In general the leases we get in Saskatchewan are just as good from our point of view as the ones we get in Alberta—the systems are much the same in both provinces. The only thing is we feel a little uncertain about the CCF. It still favors the co-operatives as much as it can, and some of the Saskatchewan people admit there is a radical wing in their party that prevents them from giving us as good a deal as they otherwise would."

Oil-company executives have no such reservations about the Social

Credit Government in Alberta. About it, and about Premier Ernest Manning in particular, they speak in the warmest possible terms. His personal co-operation with the industry, they say, is about as close as it can be.

"About once every month or six weeks," said one, "Manning will ask a group of us to lunch. No speeches, no formal program, just a personal talk about any mutual problems that may have come up. He doesn't always take our advice, and we wouldn't expect him to, but the thing we like is that he never does anything affecting the oil

industry without letting us know and giving us a chance to state our views about it."

Until this past year, the oil industry's satisfaction with the Social Credit Government was echoed by most people in Alberta. Three or four years ago, in private conversation in Edmonton, a Conservative lamented that there wasn't any ground for attack on the Social Crediters—"they're giving good government, and we have to admit it."

Lately this unanimous chorus of approbation has been rudely interrupted. Ostensibly the snap election in Alberta was provoked by the Opposition's charge that Social Credit MLAs should not have dealings with the Government's treasury branches—a sort of provincial savings bank which makes loans to Alberta citizens. But underlying this charge of rather technical impropriety is a general charge of more serious import—at best, mismanagement, at worst, misconduct in the handling of public business.

Four land deals were investigated by the Public Accounts Committee at the last session of the Alberta legislature. The committee had been enlarged to make it a committee of the whole, and its Social Credit majority of fifty-two to nine brought in a report declaring everybody free of any fault, but the deals themselves still looked odd to many people:

1. A government building which had cost \$75,000 was sold for \$64,000 and the Government continued to rent it from the purchasers for approximately \$15,000, nearly a quarter of the purchase price. The buyers turned out to be a couple of Social Credit MLAs, who resigned. (The Government was able to show, however, that their bid was the highest of five; they resigned only because they were rendered ineligible to sit by having had dealings with the Crown, and both are running again at the general election.)

2. Another building, offered to the Government for \$175,000 in 1948, was bought in 1952 for \$225,000. In fact, a price of \$250,000 was first recommended, and was scaled down only when the provincial auditor held up the transaction. It turned out that the building had been sold to two men for \$175,000 only two months before the Government finally bought it. Profit to the two men for their two months' ownership, fifty thousand—less their outlays on the building, which one of them said came to thirteen thousand dollars, spent "largely on intangibles."

3. A Calgary lot was purchased for \$46,000 as the site for a new liquor store. It was bought from a man who himself had purchased it only six days before for \$35,700. (He testified, though, that he had been leasing the property for some time with an option to buy and that the profit was small compensation for giving up his business there.)

4. A farm near Calgary was bought for \$127,000—the site for a new jail. Enquiry showed that the farm had been optioned to a third party for \$81,000. In view of the imminent resale the men who held the option actually paid \$89,000 to the original owner, but their profit was still \$38,000.

The Opposition did not prove, or even allege, any actual wrongdoing in these curiously profitable transactions—they contented themselves with charging "waste, extravagance, inefficiency." But the Government, for its part, made no attempt to explain (nor apparently even to find out) how these lucky fellows had happened to buy the properties just as the Government was planning to acquire them. Hon. A. J. Hooke, Minister of Public

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Works, told me he didn't know who had signed the recommendation to pay \$250,000 for the building that had cost \$175,000—he hadn't thought to enquire.

No one suggested, of course, that any of these deals was known to Premier Manning personally. He could quite properly have declined responsibility for them and turned the whole matter over to judicial enquiry. Instead he took the line that there was nothing wrong with any of the transactions and that anyone who suggested such a thing was playing "gutter politics" and "character assassination."

In a broadcast on March 28 he devoted his whole script to what he called "political tactics" of the Opposition—"these vicious attempts to shake your confidence in your government." He spoke of "this vicious form of attack which is a concerted attempt to cast reflections on the honesty and integrity of your government," and looked forward confidently to the time "when those guilty of such tactics are exposed and rebuked." At no time in the broadcast did he even mention what the charges were, much less answer them.

Will They go to Ottawa?

How much effect all this will have on the Social Credit party in Alberta the coming election will show. Scandal has not yet turned the betting odds against the Government. But it has reduced to a conspicuous degree the odor of sanctity that formerly hung about the Social Credit administration.

"The reason why Alberta oil lay undiscovered in the ground for all these centuries and why it's been found now," said an Edmonton clergyman to a friend of mine some years ago, "is that God was waiting until we had a government of righteous men." Less of that sort of thing is heard in Alberta now.

However, this change in the general attitude has not yet detracted from Ernest Manning's personal fame, any more than a similar outburst in Saskatchewan a few years ago hurt Tommy Douglas. (He had invested some money in a drive-in theatre; the Opposition discovered that the principal owner had borrowed some money from the Saskatchewan Government Insurance Office in connection with another property. The two deals were not related, but Douglas sold out his interest in the drive-in theatre anyway.)

Both men are often mentioned as future national leaders of their respective parties. Both are young enough—Douglas is fifty, Manning will be forty-seven in September. Douglas is a possible successor to M. J. Coldwell when Coldwell retires, an event that seemed imminent a year or so ago when Coldwell's health was poor, but which now appears unlikely for some years to come. Manning is touted as the rival not so much of Solon Low, the present national leader, as of W. A. C. Bennett, the ambitious ex-Conservative who now is Social Credit Premier of British Columbia.

Both men pooh-pooh such talk for precisely similar reasons: "There's too much to do here."

They and their parties are both inclined to prefer the bird in hand to any number in the bush. Neither the CCF nor Social Credit has any immediate prospect of taking power in the federal field, and both premiers know it. Meanwhile, each man is the keystone of his party's arch of power in their respective provinces. Without their present leaders both governments would be in considerable jeopardy; with them, both feel secure. ★

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"You'd almost think it flew away.."



Moosehead

PALE ALE

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PORTRAIT OF A FAMILY: PORTRAIT OF AN ERA

Sixty years ago a Ukrainian immigrant named William Hawrelak homesteaded near Edmonton. Son Bill is now Edmonton's mayor.

THE LAND OF ETERNAL CHANGE

continued from page 16

to come and claim them all. Did he come, I wonder—oh, but surely!—and where did they go and what became of them all? Perhaps by now one of those poor shabby little fellows has his name on the roster of Canada's famous men. Who can say? This is a land of opportunity and it is all a long, long time ago."

The society that took shape was one of the most heterogeneous in human history. Its axis of advance was along the main line of the CPR, and later along the CPR's branch lines and on the lines of its competitors. But the land immediately adjoining the right of way soon ran out or priced most buyers out of the market. As they fanned out from steel, by Red River cart, bull train or covered wagon and sometimes on foot, the Europeans tended to move north, where there were wood and water, no less important than soil and equally hard to come by in most of their native lands. The Americans, eastern Canadians and English, Irish and Scots concentrated on the open prairie, where the treeless ground was ready for the plow.

In the first generation they set up islands bounded by language. Sometimes some special objective or special philosophy strengthened the ties of race. Saskatoon was founded as a temperance colony by a group of Toronto Methodists and as late as 1890 a man who wanted to buy a lot there had to agree not to "manufacture, buy, store, sell, barter, exchange, re-

ceive or give away or in any way deal in or use, possess or have intoxicating liquors or stimulants."

In the Eighties, before Sifton's time, a group of French aristocrats settled near Whitewood, in what is now southern Saskatchewan. Their purposes were to lead a civilized life and to make expenses by engaging in forms of trade that would not have been considered appropriate to men of their class in France. From Paris they imported pâté, truffles and fine wines for their tables; servants for their kitchens and drawing rooms; hunting dogs for their kennels; fashionable hats and gowns for their ladies; white gloves and top hats for themselves. It was one of the memorable experiences of a memorable era to see the Marquis de Roffignac, M. le Comte Soras, M. le Comte Beaudrap and M. le Baron van Brabant sweeping across the still almost virgin plain in their shining imported phaetons drawn by their blooded horses, their liveried footmen sitting stiffly in attendance, their wives and daughters beside them smiling demurely beneath silk parasols. Unfortunately, the counts had not reckoned with a fact that later residents of Saskatchewan have found painfully obvious: as a home of industry, even of small industry, the thinly settled base of the Palliser Triangle just doesn't make sense. The counts tried manufacturing brushes, sugar and Gruyère cheese. One of them attempted to raise and tin chicory, although the nearest sizeable



"Great stark ravens eroak in the sunlight above the uranium mines... Magpies snoop about the Christmas trees and pumps of the oil wells."

market for chicory was back in France. One by one they lost their ruffed satin shirts and went home, disenchanted but uncomplaining. Many of the domestic servants they had brought out from France stayed behind; their descendants are still there, most of them prospering modestly on their farms.

Another eddy of elegance flourished for a while at Cannington Manor in southeast Saskatchewan no more than a hundred miles from the community farms where, a few years later, Doukhobors from Russia were to harness their wives and daughters to their wooden plows. The founder of the Cannington colony was a retired British Army officer named Edward M. Pierce. In the early Eighties, Pierce lost most of his capital in a bank failure and decided that if he was to live out his remaining years as a landed English gentleman, he would have to do it in Canada, where land was free. Pierce bought a team of oxen and drove his wife, their eight children and their furniture forty miles south of steel from Moosomin. He opened a private school and sent back advertisements to the English papers offering to teach farming, as well as the standard subjects, for a hundred pounds a year, including board and lodging.

Two Valets and Two Jockeys

His prize pupils were the three Beckton boys, Billie, Ernest and Bertie, grandsons of a Manchester cotton baron. The Beckton brothers, who grew up as lean, languid bloods with drooping Mark Twain mustaches, remained to build their own estate. The main residence was of stone and had twenty-two rooms, including a billiard room. There were separate quarters for the servants, who included two valets. There was a gate house and a games house, a large stable with hardwood and brass fittings, a private race track and tennis courts. The Becktons imported thoroughbred horses and brought over two steeplechase jockeys from England. They tried to raise fighting roosters, but their first imported game birds froze to death. They held fox hunts and the house parties they threw at Christmas sometimes lasted three weeks.

With the Pierce and Beckton families as its lodestar, the hamlet gradually attracted other permanent settlers from England. There were enough young men to make up a cricket eleven and a rugger team good enough to play, and beat, the best in Winnipeg. There were enough handsome women in flowered frocks and big white hats to make the garden parties almost as much an event as the Beckton boys' race meetings. There were dances, chorales and amateur theatricals and of course a pretty little white Anglican church.

This Jane Austen world could not survive indefinitely in so improbable a setting. Captain Pierce died in 1888. The colony slowly scattered, leaving weeds to grow unchecked on the race track and the grounds of the ageing mansions. Already, perhaps, the Captain had seen intimations of the failure of his dream. For one day, not long before his end, he looked out the window of his home to see seated in the front yard an Indian brave whom he recognized as Sha-wa-kal-coosh, son of Chief White Bear, whose reserve was nearby. Sha-wa-kal-coosh was dressed in the full splendor of his beads, feathers and ornamental moccasins and around his shoulders he wore a scarlet blanket. In the cradle of his arms he held a musket. It was not through any uneasiness, but simply because of a gentleman's natural reserve, that Captain Pierce did

not immediately go out to ask Sha-wa-kal-coosh what he wanted. But as the day wore on and the Indian still squatted there immobile and expressionless, the Captain felt some relaxation of his social code might be permitted. So he sent one of his sons out to accost the brave. The son returned to say that Sha-wa-kal-coosh wished to trade his musket for Captain Pierce's eldest daughter, Lucy. Pierce had him shown off the grounds.

The outlines of the first conglomerate pattern of settlement are still clearly visible. There is scarcely a man or

woman living anywhere in Europe or North America who could not, somewhere in Saskatchewan or Alberta, find a sizeable community that speaks his language, sings his songs, and worships his gods. But he would still be first of all among Canadians. The fusion and assimilation of the west's unwieldy mixture of racial, religious, social and economic groups has been almost unbelievably rapid. With one notable exception it was accomplished without serious shock. Some eighteen hundred members of the Yorkton Doukhobor colony threw the whole country into

confusion and dismay when, in 1902, they abandoned their community farms, turned their cattle loose and began marching the three hundred miles to Winnipeg, chanting prayers and hymns. Their exact reason was never fully established, for few of their leaders spoke English and those who did spoke in the mysterious symbols of the obsessed. Probably they had at least three main reasons: an intuitive belief that their messiah, Peter Verigin, who was then in Russia, would meet them somewhere on the way; a recent letter from Verigin condemning the cultiva-

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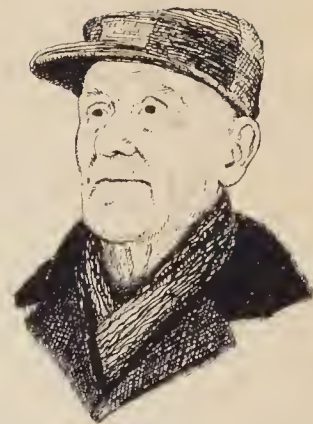
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William Henry, a Scot, rode Alberta ranges twenty years before there was an Alberta.



Mrs. May E. Davis arrived in Regina from England in 1883. Wheat was sown by hand then.



Oscar Anderson, a Minnesotan, packed into the Peace River frontier before World War I.

Because of half a million sturdy people like these Canada held the

tion of land and the ownership of cows and horses; a determination to seek out a climate warm enough to allow them to respect Verigin's injunction against the use of clothing.

The Mounted Police turned back the women and children at once. The men and boys, many of them barefoot, reached Minnedosa, a hundred and fifty miles from their starting point, before they too were rounded up by the police and returned to their homes by special train. For many more years the Doukhobors, with their constant revolts against sending their children to school, taking the oath of allegiance, or registering births, marriages and deaths, showed few signs of reaching a bare working agreement, much less a state of understanding, with their neighbors. Oddly enough they became easier to get along with after Verigin himself appeared on the scene. He ordered a relaxation of the more uncompromising articles of faith. This alienated the most fanatical of his followers, the barn-burning, disrobing Sons of Freedom, who left and thus transferred the "Doukhobor problem" from the prairies to British Columbia.

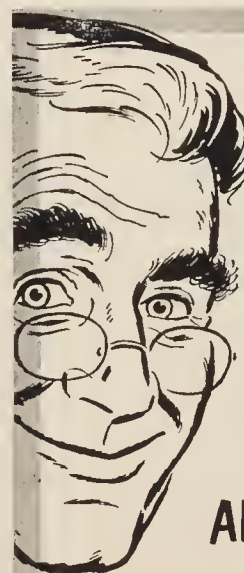
Other problems arose among and between the dozen other major ethnic groups. But before long they found a much more interesting and vital subject for reflection and debate than either race or religion. That was politics.

The link between politics and the way people live has always been more direct and visible and insistent on the prairie than elsewhere in Canada. In the early days of settlement, most farmers dealt directly with the government for their land. The government helped to decide where the railways would go and on such decisions the farmer could prosper within reach of his markets or break his heart and go bankrupt trying to make a living two or three days beyond steel. Governments of one kind or other—first Dominion and Territorial and then provincial and municipal—decreed where the roads and schools would be. In some years governments fixed the price of grain and even told the farmer how much of it he could grow. In the years of drought it was government that decreed what fraction of a pair of shoes per year each of the farmer's children should have, how many pounds of turnip and how many loaves of bread. In the years of plenty it is

government's job to move the wheat and sell it. In the early stages of settlement governments began reserving mineral rights and it is almost always government that takes the lease money and royalties when oil is found on a man's farm.

A salaried worker in an eastern city may be conscious of government only on the days when his family-allowance cheques come in or his income-tax deductions go out. The rural westerner is conscious of it all the time, and his other convictions are likely to be less violent than his political convictions. When my family moved to a small Saskatchewan town in 1922, I was informed within two days that Sam Erumovitz, the local harness maker, was a Grit. It wasn't until several

weeks later that someone mentioned he was also a Jew. When the Ku Klux Klan invaded Moose Jaw in the late 1920s trumpeting the doctrine of white supremacy it had no trouble getting people out to watch the burning of the fiery cross. It even managed to stir a submerged and almost forgotten current of race feeling and is often given credit for influencing the provincial election of 1929. But when the Klan sought to specify how it proposed to save the whites, it couldn't find anyone to save them from except a handful of Chinese restaurant owners. Some of these were employing non-Chinese waitresses. The Klan succeeded in bullying the Moose Jaw City Council into forbidding the practice. Shortly afterward it began to disband.



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Luke Smith came from Poland in 1898. His first job was as a farmhand at \$5 a month.



Mrs. Smith helped through the hard early years by sawing wood to sell in nearby Leduc.

once-empty west and thus became a nation

As the young people of the west have grown in understanding of each other, they have continued to grow in understanding of the old land. Because of this, many of the people will be trying to predict, in this jubilee year, where they and the land are going and how and when they'll get there. Some of them will be knowing or lucky in their guesses. If past performance and the law of averages mean anything the vast majority will be just plain wrong.

For from the first day of the first white man to this June of 1955, the land has turned a different face to everyone. Three pioneer wheat growers recently recalled what they remembered best about the first trek into their homesteads. Fred Martin wrote about walking into the Qu'Appelle Valley when the rosebushes and morning-glory vines were higher than his head. Cecil Angell told me of his memories of driving an ox team to his homestead near Saskatoon; the land had just been burnt over and was "rough, hummocky and black as ink." Oscar Anderson, who packed into La Glace in the Peace River Country, told me of seeing dead horses standing upright in the muskeg of the Edson Trail.

The Rust Fought Back

The land, nature, the machine age and the law of supply and demand have among them confounded prophets from the beginning. Sixty years ago it would have seemed impossible that the patient, essential ox could become obsolete, or forty years ago that the day would come when farmers would be selling good horses for meat. Thirty years ago the disappearance of the threshing gang would have seemed not much more likely than the disappearance of wheat. Twenty years ago, when the drought was into the seventh of its nine years, it would have been a feeble and tasteless joke to suggest that the farmers of Saskatchewan alone would lose nearly four hundred million dollars worth of grain because of too much rain in 1954 and that floods would threaten damage on an equal scale in 1955. Ten years ago, when rust was all but licked by new crossbreeds of wheat, only a writer of science fiction would have imagined that the rust fungus might counterattack by inventing its own crossbreed and thus make 1954 the worst rust year in history.

Yet all these things happened.

And for all the Texas talk, oil still hasn't begun to make the west independent of agriculture. Four fifths of Saskatchewan's income still comes from the farm. Alberta's yearly farm production is still worth almost twice as much as its oil production.

Oil companies are spending a million dollars a day in the two provinces and still aren't taking nearly that amount out. This has provided tens of thousands of jobs, given business a general lift and, in Alberta, made provincial financing a simple problem in arithmetic. But the big fluctuations in income and well-being still follow wheat. Last year, as the exciting job went forward of proving up the new Pembina petroleum field southwest of Edmonton, it became apparent that this single new discovery contained close to three billion dollars worth of crude—more than Leduc and Redwater put together. Yet when they closed the books on that exceptionally good year for oil and exceptionally bad year for agriculture, retail sales for the province were down nearly ten percent. In Saskatchewan the drop was twenty percent. More than half the province's 112,000 farmers declared whole or partial crop failures and received relief under the Prairie Farm Assistance Act. No one is talking anything like ruin or looking over his shoulder for the unforgettable shadow of the Thirties. But a great number of families have drifted back since last harvest to the farmhouses they deserted in the prosperous early Fifties for the comforts of wintering in town. They have been putting cattle back in the barns they emptied to escape the monotony of twice-a-day chores, and some have been wondering audibly whether one-crop farming is good farming after all.

There are other riddles in the economic future of the two provinces, some of good omen, a few of bad omen, most of them just riddles. They involve such projects, underway or on the drawing boards, as a gas pipeline from Alberta to the east (still short of financial backing); a long-debated irrigation and power dam over the South Saskatchewan River (still not approved); recent discoveries of iron in the Peace River and potash near Saskatoon; and a projected pulp mill near Candle Lake, Sask. They involve such imponderables as the world price and the world demand for wheat and

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Doc Willis pokes through the snow at one of the world's greatest and most maddening treasure hoards—the enigmatic Athabaska Tar Sands.

oil, both of which prairie producers are selling with some difficulty in a buyers' market.

The most maddening and intriguing riddle of all is the Athabaska Tar Sands, one of the greatest treasure stores ever beheld by man, worth far more than all of South Africa's diamonds and India's rubies and Canada's gold put together—and less than worthless until someone finds a way to mine them.

The tar sands lie deep in northeastern Alberta. They are a 30,000-square-mile deposit of individual drops of oil wrapped around individual grains of sand. In some places they are hidden by a thin overburden of rock, soil and scruh. In others they lie uncovered on the ground like vast black slabs of molasses candy. Some of Canada's and the world's best geologists have studied their potential. The most conservative estimate is that they contain a hundred billion barrels of crude—thirty-five times Canada's known reserves from other sources. Other estimates go as high as three hundred billion barrels, twice as much as the whole world's liquid reserves.

The private companies and government experts were experimenting with the Athabaska field fifty years before Leduc and Redwater came in. They proved long ago that the oil and sand can be separated, but no one has ever proved the job can be done at a practical cost. Bulldozers and steam shovels bog down in the rich goo like beetles caught in melting toffee. It is too soft to dynamite and not soft enough to move to a separating plant by tank truck or pipeline. Various engineers have tried to drill it, to beat it into a froth, to pump it, to blow it out by steam and to sink electrodes into it, crack the vapors underground and then condense them when they rise. Three years ago, a Calgary contractor named G. R. Coulson whirled a preserve jar full of the black mixture inside a washing machine. The oil broke away from the sand. A young mining man named S. R. Paulson got interested, formed a new company and gave Coulson enough backing to go on with his experiments in centrifugal separation. Recently Paulson's firm leased a small Alberta government separation plant forty

miles downstream from Fort McMurray. Paulson says that with bigger and better scrapers and bulldozers he can lick the problem of collection, and that Coulson has already licked the problem of processing. The older oil companies, some of which are still drilling in the area "to protect their flanks," as one executive put it, are all sceptical. They agree that the oil is there in fabulous quantities. But the ones I talked to all said that until the price of crude goes much higher—perhaps twice as high as it is today—the tar sands will remain the tantalizing challenge they have been since the fur traders saw them more than a century ago.

The Beauty of Eldorado

The enigma of the tar sands is in the soundest, most enigmatic western tradition. In the eight thousand miles I have traveled this year in Saskatchewan and Alberta, nearly everything I have seen has confirmed my boyhood belief, tested by countless excursions after gophers, learning, money, girls and salvation, that anyone who thinks he knows what to expect next from that part of the world is an optimist. Not an optimist about the west itself—for there is a great deal of ground for optimism there—but an optimist about his own powers of divination.

One of the side trips Franklin Arbuckle and I made took us as far from the west of 1905 as the west of 1905 is from the age of the dinosaur. We were in the mill at Eldorado, near Uranium City, where pitchblende ore is converted into a high-grade uranium salt by grinding it to powder, dissolving it in washing soda and then precipitating and filtering it. We had come into the massive square building out of a beautiful winter morning. Fresh snow clung to the evergreens on the hillside above Beaverlodge Lake and it was not hard to understand why Richard Barrett, who was just about to finish his tour of duty as mine manager, called the site "the prettiest mining camp God ever made."

Inside, at first, the mill looked as mills and factories often look to a layman: overpoweringly large and rather dull. But halfway around the passage-way of ramps and platforms that runs

beside the gigantic assembly line, we both began to notice the same thing. There were no people around. In the whole vast and suddenly eerie place I do not think we saw six men. The slowly turning wormscrews, the slowly turning drums, the whispering sluices, the immense red vats towering silently to the far-off roof, the whole mysterious forest of machines had achieved an almost terrifying self-sufficiency. It panted and whispered over its secret business in its own secret way, the stuff of Armageddon and the stuff of Utopia running side by side in its quiet blood stream. Once we saw two men dump a barrel of caustic soda into a vat and then go away. They were the only humans, except those looking after the power plant outside the main cavern and those carrying away the yellow uranium salt in small black barrels, who seemed in the least important to the enterprises of the machines. "The plant runs twenty-four hours a day," the mill manager told us. "Stopping it's a complicated business."

Kitty-corner from Uranium City, both geographically and historically, is the quiet and, I insist in defiance of all city slickers, pretty little town where I grew up. Its name is Oxbow.

How much Oxbow has changed in the twenty-five years since I last lived there depends entirely on the point of view. The population has increased a fifth to eight hundred. The Chinese restaurant has moved from the west side of the street to the east side and has installed neon lights. The poolroom still has two full-sized snooker tables and one Boston table. The second Boston table has been replaced by a three-quarter-size snooker table, an apparatus once considered fit only for the most miserable of hamlets. There are five churches instead of four. The old seven-room stone schoolhouse still serves as a high school and right beside it they've built a shining new hundred-thousand-dollar public school and behind that there are dormitories where children from the country can get board and room for forty dollars a month. The tin-roofed skating and curling rink is still in use, and they've put new waiting rooms and a Legion hall on the end of it. Nobody meets the twice-a-day passenger trains any more except on business. The lobby of the Alexandra Hotel is no longer filled on Saturday afternoons by elderly philosophers and bridge players, but by small boys and girls waiting for TV to come on from Minot, North Dakota. The rooms upstairs are occupied, not by drummers



Barbara Schudlo's father works on a ferry at Dunvegan, where a 150-year-old fort still stands.

from Regina and Winnipeg but by seismic crews in search of oil. The grain elevators are not so high as they were when I lived there, and the sides of the Souris River Valley are not so steep; the young women are not quite so pretty and the young men are not quite so tall, but the deterioration may be in the observer rather than in the observed.

Although their parents are still there in healthy and happy profusion, there is almost no one of my generation there now. I was lucky enough, nevertheless, to meet one of my first friends.

Bob Pegg came back to Oxbow two years ago, not to visit but to stay. As it was with everyone who was finishing school when the Depression began, it had once been his greatest ambition to get away from Oxbow and to stay away forever. The unending years of dust, grasshoppers and rust and, above all, of the utter hopelessness of finding anything useful to do left very little choice. In these years the population of Saskatchewan dropped a hundred thousand and it still hasn't been restored; nearly everyone, at least those who were young, believed that Saskatchewan had no future. Bob Pegg escaped in 1934. He tried commercial fishing in the Northwest Territories and mining in Quebec. He joined the RCAF, was shot down and spent two years as a prisoner of war.

A Place To Call Home

After the war he started a sporting-goods business in the Maritimes in partnership with a friend, but the manufacturers couldn't supply them with enough stock to keep two men working so Bob pulled out.

"I wasn't ready to panic," he reflected. "There were lots of things I could have done and lots of places I could have gone. It was just that after wandering around for nearly twenty years I still didn't have a place I could call home. That reminded me that I could call Oxbow home if I wanted to."

Bob Pegg bought a half section of land on his DVA credits and rented three more half sections. He read up on farming and asked advice about it. He decided not to become dependent on wheat. Last year his main crop was barley and he has a herd of seventy Hereford cattle. He had a good year. Over the long haul he thinks he has an outside chance of going broke, no chance at all of getting rich, and about a ninety-five-percent chance of living reasonably well as long as he does a reasonable amount of work.

We talked of these things as we drove down the long slope that tumbles off the edge of the town and falls past a dozen cuts and hidden ravines to the river. Over to the left there were fresh toboggan tracks on Blood Hill and on the right the sun was beginning to go down. This night the fading light was a faint purple; another night it might have been brick red or orange or a luminous, billowing black. "Maybe I shouldn't have left here in the first place," Bob said.

All over the two provinces, many of Bob Pegg's two million neighbors will be thinking their own long thoughts and trying to weigh the things they have to celebrate in this anniversary year. There will be great variety in their answers—as much variety as in their beginnings and in their individual conditions and ways of life.

And when they try to forecast what the old land of the west holds for their children, they will again have to depend as much on individual intuition and individual experience as on the collected weight of history. A shepherd in the Cotswolds makes a reasonable deduction when he decides his son

will probably be a shepherd in the Cotswolds too. That is what his great-grandfather was and his great-grandfather's great-grandfather before that. And so it is with a rice farmer in Japan or a weaver in India or to a somewhat lesser extent with a dairy farmer in Ontario or Quebec or a rancher in Texas. They and their ancestors have had time to learn about the land they live on, what it demands, what it will tolerate, what it conceals, what it will support. Barely a tenth of the mineral-rich land of Saskatchewan and Alberta has been drilled, even on a modest

scale, for minerals. Working with the law of averages and the still meagre figures on the rates of return, geologists of large experience and only moderate optimism can almost prove the two provinces will ultimately produce more oil than Oklahoma and California and as much uranium as the rest of the world put together. Conversely, hardly anyone is brave enough to try proving a thing about the future of wheat, except that, as always, it is reasonably hopeful and unreasonably unsure.

Perhaps Bob Pegg, who once quit the prairie in despair and returned to

it with confidence, is as good a witness on these matters as anyone. We turned left at the river to pick up his and Betty Pegg's three children, who had been visiting their grandparents. The river was still and white under a foot of snow. I said I hoped that in the summers Bob's children would have as much fun beside the river as he and I and our brothers and sisters once used to have there.

"Oh, they'll like this country," Bob said. "They like it already." After a moment he added: "I wonder if they'll ever really get to know it." ★

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COMING SOON TO YOUR
LOCAL THEATRE

Backstage in the West

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

electorate. If Alberta laws are in fact invalid now, they'll be no less invalid after another election. It may be, though, that Social Crediters think this "constitutional issue" will do them the same service as the Byng controversy did for Mackenzie King in 1926—provide an alternative to an otherwise inescapable issue of maladministration.

A second possible reason is that Social Credit MLAs may be uneasy about their personal liability. The Alberta Legislative Assembly Act provides that any person who sits or votes in the legislature when he is not eligible to do so shall forfeit two hundred dollars for every day he so sits and votes. This penalty may be recovered by "any person who sues for the same."

So far as is known the Opposition has no definite proof how many Social Credit MLAs have had accounts or loans with the Provincial Treasury Branches, but there seems to be little doubt that the number is considerable. The branches were set up as part of Premier Aberhart's attempt to put Social Credit into practice and, to many Social Crediters, it was a point of honor to place their accounts with this new "bank." To them this would be no more a "contract with the crown" than buying a CNR ticket. Whether it is equally innocuous for an MLA to get a loan from a provincial bank, in which loans over a certain small amount are authorized by a government-appointed Loan Board, is a question that has not been examined until the current election campaign. But if a court should rule that these transactions do make an MLA ineligible to sit, some MLAs might find themselves in an expensively embarrassing position.

A third possible explanation for the snap election—and Liberals and Conservatives hope this is the true one—is that the Social Credit Government wants a quick new lease of life before any more questions are asked in the Public Accounts Committee.

Last session the Public Accounts Committee turned the spotlight on a series of land deals. The details are summarized elsewhere in this issue (see *The Prairies' Political Preachers*, page 24) but the common factor in most of them is simple: shortly before the Government buys a piece of land at a large price, someone else nips in and buys it from the previous owner at a much smaller price. Question: did the shrewd buyer have a tip that the Government was about to buy? And if so, from whom did the tip come?

The next session of the legislature will probably reveal more deals of the same kind. In the last few months information has been coming to Opposition MLAs and to Edmonton and Calgary newspapers as it never came before. Sometimes of course it turns out to be mere gossip, but sometimes the information stands up. Hugh John Macdonald, Liberal MLA from Calgary and chief "prosecutor" at the Public Accounts Committee last spring, is already equipped to ask some questions that may prove embarrassing.

THESE EMBARRASMENTS to Social Credit would be more encouraging to the older parties if they themselves were not in such disarray on the prairies. West of Manitoba, the old national parties which are so regal and serene in the east have almost vanished from sight. In recent years they tend to be regarded as quaint survivals of

an earlier period of evolution, like the duckbill platypus or the three-toed sloth.

To make matters worse, the older parties have developed a habit of squabbling among themselves.

Except for the Alberta Conservatives, who are so weak they have never won an election in all Alberta's fifty-year history, all the older parties on the prairies are split by internal wrangles of this kind.

Of the four groups (two parties in each province) Saskatchewan Liberals are the strongest. They hold ten of the fifty-two legislature seats and in the 1952 election they got more than forty percent of the popular vote.

But of the four they are perhaps the worst riven by internal quarrels. The cause of the dispute is, as it has been for years, the dissatisfaction of some Liberals with the old entrenched Jimmy Gardiner machine.

The Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, federal Minister of Agriculture, has been the mogul of the Liberal Party in Saskatchewan ever since he took over the premiership from the Hon. Charles Dunning in 1926. Dunning tried to keep control of the provincial party and run it from Ottawa, but Gardiner wouldn't let him. But when Gardiner himself went to Ottawa in 1935 he succeeded where Dunning failed, by retaining his power back home. Until the collapse of the provincial Liberal regime in 1944 his authority was never seriously challenged. Since then it has been challenged repeatedly but not quite successfully.

The most recent attempt was at the Saskatchewan Liberal convention last November, called to choose a successor to Walter Tucker who had returned to the federal field. Gardiner's chosen candidate was Dr. L. B. Thomson, director of the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act. Anti-Gardiner forces rallied behind Alexander Hamilton McDonald, the thirty-six-year-old RCAF veteran who is MLA for Moosomin.

McDonald won and great was the rejoicing in the anti-Gardiner camp. Apparently some of Gardiner's enemies thought they had cast him into outer darkness and that all they had to do was proceed to Ottawa and instruct the federal Liberals that henceforth Liberal patronage and campaign money was to be channeled through them and not through the Minister of Agriculture. If that was their idea, they got a rude awakening. Gardiner, they discovered, is still very much in the picture.

Some Gardiner men were replaced in local party jobs at the outset but these switches didn't seem to have much effect. Last spring several of these new officials, who had thought

they were being recruited for a thorough housecleaning, resigned in disgust. According to them, "Jimmy Gardiner has taken Hammie McDonald completely into camp." McDonald's rejoinder is that he never set out to destroy the Gardiner forces—that his intention from the outset was to heal the party's wounds and rally all factions to work together. But if that was the case, his own backers at the convention didn't know it.

Two months ago reports were rife that the Saskatchewan Liberal Party was about to split wide open. Those rumors now seem to have been exaggerated, but they were by no means groundless. The internal wear and tear has been considerable, and the provincial Liberals' morale is at a new low.

SASKATCHEWAN Conservatives cannot be as badly divided as the Saskatchewan Liberals, for a simple arithmetical reason—there is only one Saskatchewan Conservative in the legislature and only a judgment of Solomon could divide him. In recent months, however, there have been many Conservatives in and out of Saskatchewan who devoutly wished for a Solomon to come along.

Robert Kohaly, the lone Conservative in the Saskatchewan legislature, won a by-election in Souris-Estevan after the death in 1953 of the sitting Liberal, J. E. McCormick. Nominally it was a Conservative gain from the Liberals; actually it was a saw-off between the two old parties to beat the CCF.

Kohaly did well in the legislature. Alvin Hamilton, of Saskatoon, provincial leader and full-time organizer of the Conservative Party in Saskatchewan, worked with him as a combination of coach, speech-writer and strategy consultant, and between the two of them they put on an impressive one-man show. Considering that Kohaly was the first Conservative to be elected to the Saskatchewan legislature since 1934, the party had good reason to feel encouraged by its progress.

And then, alas, the whole effort collapsed. Kohaly announced, for some reason known only to himself, that he was considering an offer to become the leader of the Social Credit Party in Saskatchewan.

In the end Kohaly decided not to "go Social Credit" but to remain a Conservative. By that time, though, the damage was done. As a gleeful CCFer in Regina remarked, "When a girl is propositioned, if she really means 'no' she ought to say so right away. If she thinks it over for a couple of weeks and then says 'no,' people tend to get a wrong idea about her." ★



IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Editor Allen at take-off for the tar sands of Bitumount, in Saskatchewan.



Artist Arbuckle meets Bert Burry, of McMurray Air Lines, in Uranium City.

How Maclean's Went West

FOR US, the fiftieth anniversary celebrations of Alberta and Saskatchewan began more than a year ago—in some cases even before the eager committees on the spot had begun to argue the merits of a gala ball against a grand picnic at the Exhibition Grounds.

As our project took shape, there were sometimes more editors milling about the prairies than there were in our home office. Ralph Allen, Blair Fraser, Fred Bodsworth, Norval Bonisteel and Robert Collins all crisscrossed the plains, by plane, train and car. Contributing artist Franklin Arbuckle went along on an eight-thousand-mile safari with Editor Allen. Altogether, our travelers covered thirty-five thousand miles.

Things first got underway when Norval Bonisteel went to Ottawa where he sifted through the Public Archives for memorabilia of the early west. Next, he headed for Edmonton where Miss Gladys Reeves, custodian of the Ernest Brown Collection, led him into a gold mine. Brown, a pioneer photographer himself, amassed a unique collection of photos, then willed them to his province. Bonisteel spent three happy days squinting at thousands of glass negatives. At the provincial archives in both Edmonton and Regina, the vaults were thrown open to him. Winnowing out these wonderful old shots was a heartbreaking

job but the selection on pages 17-23 seemed to best tell the story of The Settling of the West.

The next major move was the aforementioned safari by Allen and Arbuckle, though both men have drawn on years of western experience. From Uranium City in the north, Banff in the west and Oxbow in the south, they quartered the jubilee provinces for prose and pictures. For Allen, Oxbow was going home; he grew up there. Using his native knowledge, he trounced easterner Arbuckle soundly in the Oxbow poolroom. Arbuckle attributes his defeat to his suspicion that, as a youth, Allen slept on those selfsame tables.

Even before they had got tired of wearing their chaps back east, Blair Fraser was off to the western capitals to write about the colorful politics and politicians that seem to thrive in the west, and shrivel in the east.

Those four pages of four-color illustration by Bruce Johnson (26-29) depicting the prairies as they were some time previous to 1900 probably took your eye. They were noted also by the Royal Ontario Museum authorities who found them so accurate that they've asked for permission to photograph the originals for their permanent collection. After the two months he worked on his paintings, Johnson feels that he knows more about the Devonian Sea than any other artist alive. ★

A special issue of **MACLEAN'S**



Our Two Time Cover Girl

In October 1952 artist Franklin Arbuckle put Sally Austin and her father, of Cochrane, Alta., on our cover. Now seven, she makes a return appearance.

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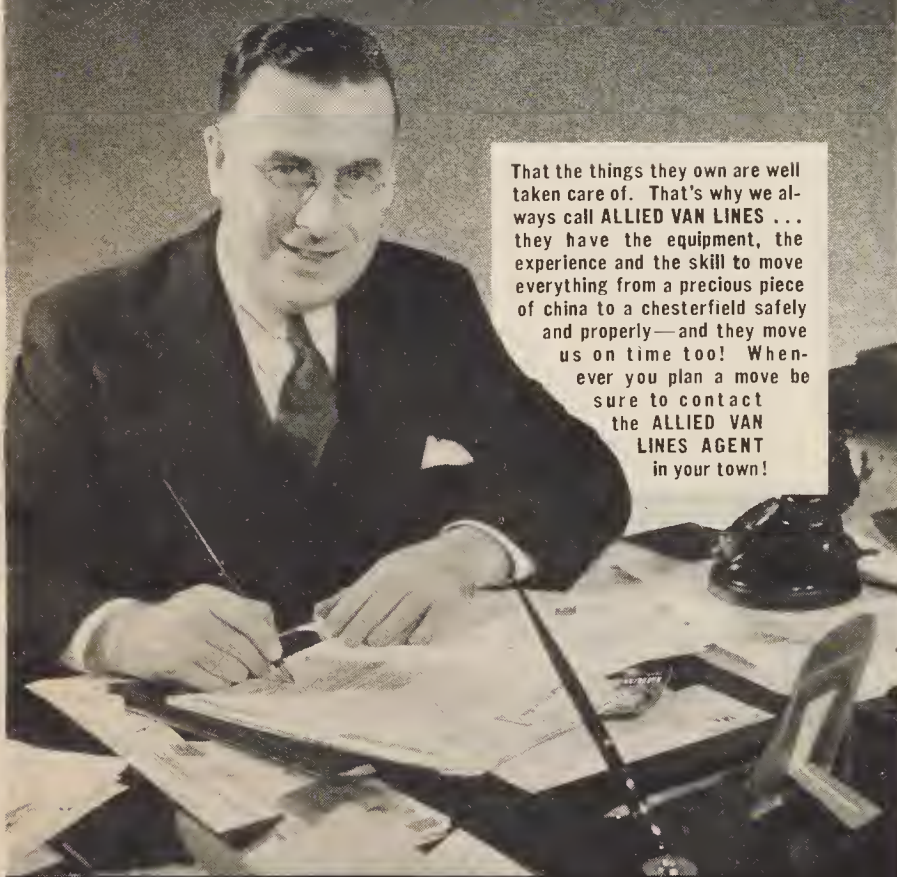


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THIS special issue celebrating the fiftieth birthday of Canada's two youngest western provinces was just going to press when we ran across one we'd never heard of before, as recorded in the Ottawa Journal's story about a recent capital conference attended by delegates from all provinces "except Newfoundland and Prince Albert."

Nothing has changed so much in fifty years as prices, and our sympathies in this Prairie Year go out to the editor of Calgary's Farm and Ranch Review who recently paid \$6.50 to have his shoes resoled and heeled ... and to one of his subscribers who the same day received a money order for forty-one cents for a cowhide sold to a Calgary tanner.

They say production has increased through the years, too, though sometimes we doubt it. The Farm and Ranch, which is just as old as Alberta, recently republished this letter received from a rancher reader years ago:

I was never a believer in outrageously long hours, but I have always adhered closely to the principle of starting in good time in the morning; to have all the men who worked with me start off promptly at five o'clock. The first hour of the morning was spent in choring and the next half

three feet of the butt and hauled it away, leaving the notice still intact on what was left of the fallen poplar.

Saskatchewan's Golden Jubilee Committee has published Saskatchewan: The History of a Province, and done a fine job of it, too, we understand. We must say we're disappointed that the title isn't as colorful as Saskatchewan's history



deserves, and as it might have been had they chosen either of two other titles suggested by committee members: From Sodbusting to Socialism, and (obviously from a member of another party) Grits, Guts and Gumbo.

Several Calgary Parade scouts were so delighted by the local stationery store's advertisement of Mother's Day gifts — "hip flasks, cocktail shakers, poker chips" — that they clipped and rushed it to us by first mail. But their laughter will fade as they read this sad letter received from a self-described "nice elderly widow, mother and grandmother" in Edmonton:

I live alone and about once in two years I buy a bottle of brandy—you know, just in case of a bit of weakness. Recently I had such a purchase in the bottom of my shopping bag. When I boarded the bus for home a nice young boy about eighteen sat by me. We talked a bit; I liked him so much and he said I reminded him of his mother. We got off at the same stop, it was slippery and wet and I fell. Billy gallantly helped me up but my bag was dripping, and my Scottish soul outraged at the thought of seven dollars wasted. So I blurted "I'll bet my brandy's broken!"

The dear boy dropped my arm as though it burned him, and strode off. Left to toddle home alone I found the bottle was not broken after all, just dirty water dripping. But I'm still so humiliated and ashamed that I've stuck that horrid bottle, unopened, into the darkest corner of my closet, and am seriously contemplating joining Alcoholics Anonymous.

And don't anybody go away, this semi-centennial year, saying the west has lost its rugged individualism. It was just the other day the Edmonton Journal carried a personal ad: "Middle-aged couple wish to rent secluded roof for sunbathing."



hour for breakfast, so that by 6.30 we were able to begin the day's work ... We aimed to have our work done by 6 o'clock and seldom later than 6.30. Our help then had the evening to themselves for recreation and rest.

Unexpected adventure still lurks in the Saskatchewan north woods, as tourist bureaus like to assure their camper clientele. The fellow from Tiger Hills, Sask., had taken his Vancouver friend fishing in Angling Lake in Prince Albert National Park. They parked their car in a small grove of poplars, right beside a tree bearing a sign CUT NO TREES, and hiked on to their cabin. Next day, returning to their car, they discovered a beaver had neatly cut down the very tree, chewed off about

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



The playground that garbage built

She's swinging over what might have been a plague spot, a permanent menace to the health of the community. Instead, it's a clean, healthy playground for youngsters and grownups to enjoy. Yet it was built from the town's collection of garbage, trash and refuse—the very ingredients that often produce the old-fashioned dump, a breeding place for disease-bearing vermin.

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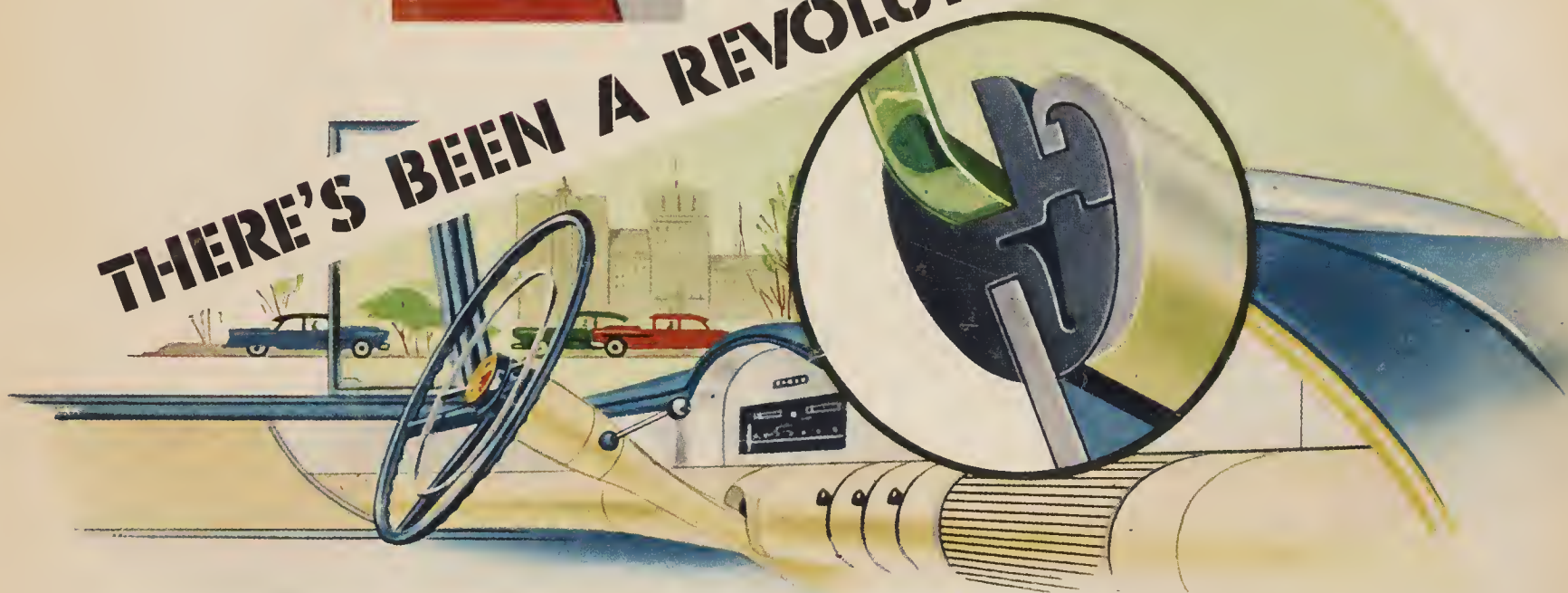
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